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A STAR OF HOPE.

BY GUY ROSLYN.

A star above the steeple-top
In twilight but a feeble spark,
Is hanging as the shadows drop,
And brighter burns as comes the dark.

Let not your courage from you go
When common troubles drag you down;
Your face that now is white for woe,
With sunny joy may yet be brown.

Be pure in heart, in peace or pain;
Obey the still small voice that calls;
The star above the steeple-vane
Shines stronger as the darkness falls.

Hope, like a diamond in the coal,
Shall shine, however black the night;
Keep well your eyes unto the goal,
And do not tire, but trust and fight.

Because the path has led your feet
To places bleak and bare with blight,
Seek not for safety in retreat;
Still forward go, and look for light.

And if in vain you seek a ray
Of sun to break the clouds of sorrow,
Still fight it out—work well to-day,
And do not fear about to-morrow.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

AGATHA LEARNS WHAT FRUIT THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE OF GOOD AND EVIL BEARS.

"Our earthly passions—they are the tree of knowledge of good and evil—they materialize us, unless purified through our spiritual nature."

After Agatha's return to New York her first call was made upon Mildred. Agatha could not help feeling shocked to find her friend so light-hearted and even radiant with happiness. When told how often she had been thought of, in all she had been through, she answered:

"I assure you that your sympathy has been thrown away; I have never before been so happy. If you could realise, Agatha, what a life of constraint and suppression I led as Carroll's wife—in the complete repression of the best part of my nature; and then, my never-ending self-reproach in that I had made a wreck of his life, as well as my own, you would know the awful relief that it is to have the long agony over. I can compare it to nothing else than to see a form that has been dear to you buried out of your sight, when death has robbed it of the soul that made it dear. Can't you understand what I mean when I say it is an awful relief to have it over."

"Certainly I can and do; I see at last that you were both quite right."

"Of course we were. I never doubted that it was a sin to live as we did, in the wrong done to him and to myself, but I shrank from the exposure of a separation; pride kept me from it. And then, to think of all those long, cruel years, in which my loyalty was unwavering, my fidelity to the duty that I owed him—duty which is but a thorn when all the blossoms are stripped from it. That was all that I had to keep me right, and yet it did keep me right; and then, to think he so little knew me as to fancy that I was unfaithful to him! He thinks that I will marry Harold Graham. How little men know about women! Why can't they learn that love comes and goes without our being able to tell the why and the wherefore?"

Agatha quoted a line from a poem. "That was not love that went," she said.

"Well, passion then; whatever you choose to call it. If Harold stood here now, and asked me to marry him, I should tell him just what I told him when he proposed an elopement, that I have lost every vestige of love that I ever had for him."

"That is all very well for you say to now; but were you to see him, you might find him possessing more influence over you than you think. You are young to remain unmarried; and if you do not think it wrong, as I do, for a woman and man divorced as you and Mr. Tracey are, to marry again, I see no reason why you should not marry; but I hope if you do, your choice will be a better man than Mr. Graham."

"Oh, I do not say I will never marry anyone. It would be very hard for me to think of growing old without any husband to love me, or children to keep my heart young; but I do say that if ever I marry a second time, it will not be from pique. Married life without love is a fearful bondage."

"It must be," said Agatha fervently, "and I have at last decided to remain a spinster all my days. I am quite sure now, that I shall never see a man whom I shall be willing to marry."

"I begin to think you never will, but it is equally sure that you will never become one of those angular, sour, sharp vinegar cruets, that some old maids are. You will be like your Aunt Hester, whom everyone loves, and who grows lovelier and more loving every year of her life. I am sure you are too good for the best man that lives, and you will have to content yourself with platonic love. I can recommend Carroll for that kind of love. Have you made any translations during the winter?"

Agatha's heart gave an awful leap; or to speak with anatomical precision, the muscles of her heart by a sudden contraction produced the sensation which persons are in the habit of calling a movement of the heart. She scarcely found breath to answer.

"Only one or two of Heine's poems. What are you reading?"

"I am reading 'Problematic Characters,' for the second time. I have found an Oswald in real life, and I am reading the book with renewed interest."

"I hope and pray that you are not going to be a Melitta."

"How could I be one? Melitta had a husband. I have none."

"But remember, Melitta was neglected and deserted by Oswald after she had no husband," asserted Agatha.

"Do not distress yourself unnecessarily, sweet 'Saint Agatha.' As a married woman I proved myself to be no Melitta; and I have faith enough in myself to fear neither neglect nor desertion, should any Oswald ever love me, and be loved by me. But I did not say I had found *my* Oswald; only *an* Oswald. By that I mean a man equally attractive, equally gifted by nature, and one who, like Oswald, has never yet loved and been beloved by any woman sufficiently good and true to change his fickle soul into the faithful one into which it is capable of developing when he does meet such a one."

"And who is this paragon?"

"That is my secret. But since a fair exchange is no robbery, tell me your secret, and I will confide mine to you." Mildred's eyes were sparkling with suppressed merriment.

"My secret!" cried Agatha, her startled soul showing itself in her face, "My secret? what do you mean?"

"Oh, you know very well that you have one. I do not wish to force it from you; but this is certain, as long as you keep yours from me, I will keep mine from you."

Agatha felt as though the floor were giving away beneath her feet, as though the room were spinning round and round; the very earth seemed to her to have been jarred in its orbit, so shaken and stunned did she feel.

Mildred enjoyed Agatha's bewildered looks, and laughed mischievously; but finally said:

"I may as well tell you that I know all about it; that he has told me all that passed between you, and—but good heavens, Agatha, what is the matter with you? You are as white as a sheet!"

"I feel faint; will you ring for a glass of water?"

She rang for the water, brought salts, took off her bonnet; and when Agatha's color returned, she said tenderly, still kneeling by the lounge where she had made her lie down.

"Can it be possible that you love him?"

Agatha threw her arms around Mildred, weeping passionately.

"I know how well he loved you. Can it be possible that you have loved him all this time, and given him no hope?" questioned Mildred.

"Do not reproach me! I never knew, I never dreamed that it was love. It is killing me, to have found it out at last," she sobbed. "Do not let us talk of it; do not allude to the subject again—it is too humiliating. Believe me, I did not know it was love. I did not know it."

Mildred, looking much perplexed, tried to soothe her friend; but Agatha still kept her face from sight.

"Why do you say it is humiliating, dear? no love should be humiliating. Is it because you consider your relationship an insurmountable obstacle that you have never let him know that you love him?"

"Relationship!" cried Agatha, sitting bolt upright, and looking straight in Mildred's eyes. "Relationship! Of whom are you talking?"

"Of your cousin, of course. Did you not divine that he is the Oswald of whom I was telling you? He confessed to me that you are the only woman he ever really wished to marry until—before——. Oh, Agatha, you will be terribly shocked I know; but I have to make a confession: and you have yourself to blame, for I am sure you hastened affairs, by telling him that I would marry Graham; and so he came straight to me and told me how jealous he was, and we both acknowledged that we had fallen in love with each other; and I told him everything, and he does not love me any the less for all that has happened to me. So I have promised to marry my Oswald some day; and I have no fear of ever being loved any less—much less of being deserted as poor Melitta was."

Agatha, with a sigh of relief that came from the very core of her heart, only said: "This is a revelation."

"Darling Agatha, I am so happy that it is not my Oswald whom you love, that I do not even care to know who your Baron Oldenberg is; for some profoundly mysterious, uncanny Baron Oldenberg, I am sure it is to have taken such a hold upon you despite the insurmountable obstacles. Ah, to think that you were going to leave me with the impression that you were not capable of any love but Platonic love; well, it only goes to prove that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; as well as that you are no better than the rest of us; and I love a thousand times more that it is so; for I do not believe God ever intended any of us to be saints in this world. Temptations resisted, wrongs endured, and patiently lived down, sorrows borne with resignation, will help us in this life to become saints in the next; but never here, *never* here."

Often in the days that followed Agatha thought of Mildred's words; and how nobly *she* had resisted temptation, how patiently she had borne her great sorrow—her years of death in life, as it were. And in these days Agatha was tortured with the thought that love for a married man, in the guise of friendship, had stolen its way to her heart, filling life with a new meaning, steeping it with rapture, and in the end teaching her that no one is secure from temptation; but rather that virtue is tested by it, as gold by the refiner's fire.

CHAPTER VI

AUNT HESTER AND MR. LEE DISCOVER THAT AGATHA HAS A SECRET.

"That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of our own wrong-doing. One who has committed irremediable errors may be scourged by that consciousness into a higher course than is common."—*George Eliot.*

Agatha's first letter from Carroll Tracey was written in London, immediately upon his arrival there, and reached her about two months after they had parted. May had come in most graciously that year, with the bluest of skies and the softest of zephyrs. Agatha dreamed her days away, living over and over scenes that would not be forgotten; memories of dangerous sweetness that she could not expel. In her heart it was spring, and because of the lateness of its blossoming time, it shot forth all the more riotously its luxuriant foliage. It was June, and not May, with Agatha.

Mr. Tracey wrote that on the voyage over he had had ample time to think of all that had ever passed between them, and that more than ever was he convinced that God had created and kept them for each other. He begged her not to do violence to those feelings that he knew he had awakened in her heart, because of the false views she held concerning the incompleteness of his divorce; and expressed the hope that before they met again, Agatha, with her usually clear reasoning powers and independent judgment, would bring herself to look upon his marriage as not having been one in which God had joined together, but rather as one which man had impiously made, or rather ignorantly; not realising until too late that every element of a true marriage was wanting. As Tracey looked upon the separation, God had sundered the tie which man had unlawfully, in a moral point of view, created. And this was the way in which he closed his letter:—"Two such natures as ours, once having been brought together, cannot be kept apart; we would find each other if the deserts of Siberia and Sahara were put between us; and if together, we would be happier in those deserts than in Paradise if separated. It is rare for twin souls to meet in this world;—that joy is left for eternity to most of the denizens of this earth. But we, my adored Agatha, must belong to each other for time, as well as for eternity. I will not give you up for any unchristian ideas of what is right, and what is wrong; you belong to me as much as if I already possessed you; and Fate, which is the servant of Providence, will bring us together when God wills. In one year from the time I sailed, I am going back to you to claim you. I do not know how to wait for the time to pass away. The days already seem like months, and the nights like years. As each goes, I thank God as I would thank Him for a priceless gift. Sometimes in dreams I hold you in my arms, kissing your sweet eyes; and when I awake to find it but a dream, I wish that I could sleep all time away until the hour when I can make my dreams reality. . . . . If you are not angry with me, Agatha, my darling Agatha, you will answer this letter. You could not be so cruel as to refuse to write to me. It would be as though you were in possession of a fountain, from the source of which a river gushed, (as in the lovely Syrian valley of Barada, where the Fejeh rushes in a torrent from the earth,) and you should refuse to give me a drink if, travel-worn and thirsty, I were to ask a draught from your hand. I am far thirstier for a letter from you than ever was any desert traveller for the water of an oasis; you are my oasis, do not refuse me that which my thirsty heart longs for. Write me ever so few lines, but let me see the dear writing that, since we made our translations together, sends a thrill to my heart, which is only equalled by those which your eyes and your touch awaken."

And Agatha did answer the letter, but it was purely one of friendship. She wrote one that all the world might have seen. She told him of Mildred's health and happiness, and acknowledged that she now saw clearly that he had been right in insisting upon the separation. It was in every sense of the word a commonplace letter, for having once resolved to overcome the passion that had stealthily eaten its way to her life's centre, she was equally determined to write nothing that could feed the flame in Carroll Tracey's breast.

Monotonous days passed wearily away, each one seeming to leave Agatha's face more transparent, her eyes more full of soul; and her voice more deeply freighted with pathetic tenderness.

Her Aunt Hester, her father's sister, who resided with them, but who had been visiting relatives for nearly a year, now returned to make her preparations to go with them to Newport for the summer. Miss Hester Lee carried her age well; still possessing so attractive a face that strangers often asked who the sweet-faced woman was, with an interest seldom shown in one who had numbered as many years as she had. Her brown hair, nearly as abundant as Agatha's, had in it a suggestion of that warm color which Titian loved so well to paint on the heads of his voluptuously delineated forms, and not one silken thread has yet changed its color. Her eyes, neither grey nor hazel, had the same rich hue in their lashes and in the eyebrows. The latter seemed darker than they were, because of the creamy whiteness of her skin, which had marvellously retained its freshness, although never suffused with color, even in the warmest days of summer.

One morning, when Agatha had gone out, and Mr. Lee was sitting alone with his sister, he said:

"Hester, do you see any change in Agatha?"

"Yes, I think she is paler and thinner than I have ever seen her."

"That is not the change I speak of. She is always thinner after the winter's dissipation. I scarcely know how to describe it. She talks less, has lost a great deal of her earnestness, is listless and indifferent to all that is going on, is often abstracted—fairly lost at times in reveries. In short, there are a thousand and one little differences between Agatha as she was and as she is now. I feel perplexed and troubled about her."

"I had not thought of feeling anxious," replied Aunt Hester. "She has developed in character very rapidly during the last year—that kind of development which results from experiences that come sooner or later to all."

"You do not fancy that she is in love; or any such nonsense?" questioned Mr. Lee.

"No, I do not think she is in love; but I think she has reached that stage in life which brings with it the need of a warmer affection, a closer companionship than any she has yet enjoyed. In fact, I feel quite sure she is not in love, because it was only yesterday that she told me she had fully resolved she would never marry, and no girl make that resolution who is in love."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for I had begun to suspect there might be something of the sort. What do you think of a change of air for her?—to go to Europe for instance?"

"Charming; I wish you would take her; she has often expressed a wish to go, but you are so dependent upon your home comforts that we did not think you would ever propose it."

"I have been selfish, I know, for I dread a sea-voyage more than I dread death; but I think we will arrange to cross either in July or August, when the sea is calmest, if you will go with us, Hester."

"Of course I will. I would not let you and Agatha go without me if I could help it. I am very dependent upon you both for my happiness. I do hope that if Agatha ever should wish to marry you will not be so selfish as to oppose it. It is pretty hard to go through life a spinster."

"She might do worse than remain a spinster. There are precious few happy marriages to my thinking in these days. She is so much like you, that I daresay she will never see anyone whom she will love well enough to marry."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Aunt Hester fervently. "God forbid that my experience should ever become hers."

That day at dinner Mr. Lee broached the subject.

"What do you say about going to Europe this summer?" looking as if he felt quite sure of Agatha's answer; but to his surprise, she replied:

"I would like above all things to go abroad, but not this summer. That is quite out of the question."

"And why is it out of the question? I am sure there never has been, and never will be, a time when we can go as well."

"How can you hesitate for one moment?" asked Aunt Hester.

"I do not hesitate. I am perfectly decided in my own mind. I do not wish to go to Europe this year. Next summer we will talk about it," answered Agatha, with irritating coolness.

"That is another thing. If you do not wish to go I shall not compel you to go, of course; but next summer I may not be able to take you," replied her father with an air of equal coolness.

"I hope you will take a few days to think about it Agatha," pleaded her aunt. "You will be sure to regret your decision if you allow any whim to influence you."

"Am I in the habit of allowing myself to be influenced by whims, dear Aunt Hester?" she answered, with a patient endurance of the reflection cast upon her, that once it would not have been in her nature to have borne so placidly.

"I think you are extremely impulsive, my dear; and when one possesses such a temperament, one is apt to repent at leisure all that one has allowed one's self to do in haste."

"You must trust me that it is no whim this time, and that I have a very good reason for putting off going until next year, for, as I said at first, it is impossible for me to go this summer."

Mr. Lee and his sister exchanged a meaning glance, and when Agatha had left the room, he said:

"I think I have the clue."

"You are wiser than I then, for I have racked my brain in vain."

"I fear she is interested in some one, and will not leave until it is settled."

"Who can he be?" asked Aunt Hester.

"Some one whom she has met in Philadelphia this winter, I daresay. It can't be Davenport, for he wrote me a touching letter telling me that he had met with all sorts of bad luck, and knowing that he had a liking for Agatha, I perfectly understand his meaning. Can Potten be the man?"

"No, I am quite sure he is not."

"You ought to be able to ferret it out, Hester."

"Whether I can is another matter. However, when my suspicions are once aroused, I generally see as much as most people. She had kept her secret so well, that I had not even suspected that she had one. Should she give me her confidence, I could not betray it; but if I make any discoveries, you may be sure that you will hear of them."

CHAPTER VII.

AGATHA TRIES TO SOLVE ONE OF THE PROBLEMS OF LIFE.

Man-like it is to yield to sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein,
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.
—*From the German*

What an exodus to Europe the summer brought! Mrs. Arthur Grey, Miss Lennox, Colonel Potten, and Mr. Jenkins went over in the same steamer. With them went a cousin of Mr. Atherton, on his mother's side, who belonged to an old Philadelphia family. Mr. Campbell Clawson was a beau of such distinction, that it was difficult to imagine how the wheels of society could turn in the absence of so important a leader from his post. He was a man who, without either much brains or much culture, had succeeded in making himself always in demand. If there was any gossip afloat, Mr. Clawson was sure to be the first to know it; if an engagement was pending, he always ferreted it out before the families interested spoke of it, no funeral was properly attended, no marriage auspiciously celebrated, no christening sufficiently consecrated, if he were not present. His ideas of his own importance were so exalted that had the sun left the world in darkness, it could not, in his opinion, have caused a more depressing influence upon the earth's inhabitants than his departure from fashionable society would leave upon those who remained behind. Although of mature age, he went abroad for the first time, having had too great a regard for society to subject its members to the untold inconveniences that might arise from his absence. Looking up his old French grammar and other class books, he added to his collection a book of French phrases most in common use, hoping to polish his rusty French into a state of perfection that it had never yet attained. His last words to one of his old friends—another leader who had struggled as desperately as himself to drag the ponderous car of society—were:

"If you find everything going at sixes and sevens without me, old boy, send for me and I will come back to you."

By his directions, copies of the daily journals containing the list of passengers were sent to various friends in Boston and New York, who he feared would otherwise be kept in ignorance of his departure; and one of these Mr. Lee received at Newport. Opening it at the breakfast table, he found the list marked, also the following paragraph:

"Mr. Campbell Clawson of Philadelphia sails for Europe to-day in the *Oder*. His numerous friends regret his departure, and hope for his speedy return."

"Who could have sent me this?" exclaimed Mr. Lee. "What do I care for Campbell Clawson, or whether he goes or stays? But I do care for being kept at home just when I wished to go abroad; you were very unreasonable, Agatha."

Her only answer was a sigh so long and quivering, half-suppressed as it was, that it touched her father's heart.

"Never mind, Agatha. I am sure you have a very good reason for not wishing to go; only, when you can tell me what it is, my child, I shall be glad to know."

Poor Agatha! the very thought of telling her father, suffused her cheeks, her forehead even. She made no answer, and Aunt Hester changed the conversation.

That night Agatha was sitting at the same window in her chamber, where she had fallen asleep, dreaming of the ideal friendship that she coveted; and now, sitting in the same chair, she recalled the vision that came to her in her dreams. As often as she had thought of it since, it had never come before her with such vividness as now; awakened into new life as it was by the associations of the place. She held in her hand Carroll Tracey's second letter, which had arrived that day, and which she had read over and over until she knew by heart every eloquent sentence that it contained. Although the moonlight flooded the room, it was too dark to read it again, as she surely would have done if she could have seen the dear words on its pages; but what need had she of written lines when the glowing flame of love had burned them in upon her heart? There was no sound, other than the monotonous wash of the waves against the cliff, the gentle rustling of the vine which gave out from the hearts of its blossoms the delicious perfume that filled the apartment, and the chrip of one lone cricket that went on as madly as if prisoned within its little body were some lost soul, shut out from Paradise. Agatha thought of "Bianca among the Nightingales." She repeated:

They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb.

If the cricket would only stop! but it sang on. She longed to be alone, for while the cricket sang she was not alone; the shrill, piping voice shared her thoughts, and distracted her. Then the fancy came to her that the cricket was sent to distract her from the one subject that like a note of warning was sounding in her ears. At last, the cricket chirped itself hoarse, and with one dreadful effort ceased its distracting cry. Then Agatha gave herself up to the memories of her dream. Again she walked the dusty high-way, hand clasped in hand with the one who in the vision had so carefully directed her steps, so tenderly cared for and protected her; but now it was no stranger as before. Carroll Tracey guided her with unstained feet through the miry soil, his cool firm clasp held her hands; looking in his well-like eyes, she read clearly in their unfathomable depths the love that she hungered for, and yet was ready to deny herself. Again she stood with him upon the mossy hills that in her dreams had seemed to touch the very stars; and once more she felt the dewy freshness of his lips upon her forehead; then he had gone, and though her heart called after him now, "Come back to me!" as in her dream, she knew that between them lay the glacier which was to be her lonely road through life. How many times had she lived over in memory that dream, thankful that her naked feet still remained unstained!

"My dream has come to pass," she said in her communings with herself. "My dream has come to pass. Carroll Tracey has led me from the flat, dead level of my life, which seems so aimless and so unsatisfactory, so hollow and so vain; he has led me up on the beautiful heights where I dreamed that I was left. Even though my road be over the ice, and I walk it alone, still it is beautiful to have been so near the angels once in my life." Then came to her the often-recurring thought, "Are my feet unstained?" In reply, she questioned "Can God permit such happiness as has come to me to be coupled with wrong and guilt? If it is wrong, why did it come to me? I did not seek it. I did not even dream that it was love. Even with the inexpressible bliss of knowing that he loves me, flooding and filling my heart, there is still room for the exquisite torture that comes to me in the recollection that I did love him before he was free in his own eyes to love me. Oh God! that I should fall so low in my own esteem! I, who never had one sentiment of pity, one word of compassionate excuse for those who were tempted—who, even now, could find it in my heart to despise the woman who is tempted in a grosser sense! Can it be, as I have somewhere read, that when a creature loves much, the world and all its people, and all its laws, and ways, and opinions cease to exist, and are as though they had never been? If this be so, if our instincts fail us, then we are tempted of God, and not of Satan."

With such ever recurring thoughts, there was little cause for wonder that Agatha's cheeks daily lost their roundness, and that the sharpening of her features and the hollowness of her eyes became more and more noticeable, bringing fresh anxieties to her father and her aunt.

The latter had frequently tried to lead Agatha to talk of herself, but always to no purpose; although in her heart, Agatha longed with an unspeakable longing to unburthen herself to some one, who could understand the contending emotions which she felt were destroying her. This, she thought her Aunt Hester, whose life had been so void of experience, could never do, and more and more she shrank from having her carefully guarded secret even suspected.

One day in August, as they were sitting on the shaded verandah, Aunt Hester occupied with her needle-work, and Agatha reading aloud, she came to the very passage that Carroll Tracey had copied—

Lift our eyes to heaven! Love greets us thence,
Disrobed of all its earthly impotence;
Even human love; below still doomed to be
Stronger than death, feebler than infancy.

Agatha's voice betrayed her emotion as she came so suddenly and unexpectedly upon the lines.

"That sentiment is as true as it is beautiful," said her aunt. "Stronger than death, yet feebler than infancy," she repeated.

Agatha looked dreamily in the distance, suffering her hand to fall with the book in her lap, and leaning her head back against her chair.

"What are you thinking about, Agatha?" asked her aunt at last.

"I was thinking of last summer, or last autumn rather, when Colonel Potten and I had a talk on this very spot, and Frank and Mrs. Arthur Grey were carrying on a flirtation in the corner."

"Ah," thought Aunt Hester, "at last I have a clue. Which can it be? Colonel Potten or Frank?" Before she had time to decide in favor of either, Agatha turned abruptly with the question.

"Aunt Hester, do you believe that it ever happened to a really good man to fall in love with a woman who was already married, or to a really good woman to find

herself in love with a man who had a wife living?"

Aunt Hester looked up from her work, and gave Agatha a scrutinising gaze. As she met Agatha's brown eyes fixed searchingly upon her, her own eyes fell, and her always pale face flushed with color.

"Why do you ask such a strange question, child?"

"Partly because I was so rude to Mrs. Grey, at that time; and because I have never had any charity for such people. Even if a woman has the misfortune to be married to a man whom she does not love, I think her convictions of the duty she owes him as a wife, should be strong enough to keep her from any manifestations of affection for another."

"I agree with you," replied Aunt Hester, "and there is not a doubt in my mind but that it would with a woman of principle, under all ordinary circumstances; but I have known of cases where good men and good women—really and truly good in their principles and their intentions—have been thrown off their guard by some unusual combination of events, or by some unexpected occurrence, which has betrayed them into revealing emotions, that they have regretted during all their after lives; and the memory of which, neither tears could drown nor time bury from their sight."

"Why does God permit such things to happen? or rather, why does our Saviour so explicitly forbid divorce for any other cause but one? I think there is much more sin for two people to live together where there is no love."

"At first thought you would seem to be right, and so you are in a superficial sense; but think of all that a separation involves between married people who have children, and you will see the wisdom of making it no light or easy thing to be divorced. When once the mistake of marrying an uncongenial temperament has been made, I think the burden should be borne uncomplainingly to the bitter end," said Aunt Hester; breathing a long, long sigh, as she bent her head over her sewing again.

"You speak as feelingly as if you had known some such case, dear Aunt Hester."

"I have known just such a case."

"I wish you would tell me about it. I was so very uncharitable, so bitter in my denunciations of Mrs. Grey's conduct, that sometimes of late I have felt reproachful pangs, that, young and beautiful and giddy as she was, I did not try to influence her for good, instead of condemning her so unmercifully; but Aunt Hester, it has always been my horror to see a married woman flirt, and the possibility of a good woman being interested in any man, excepting through friendship, if either had married ties, I could not even have dreamed of. Will you not tell me?"

Aunt Hester's work had fallen in her lap, and she was looking as dreamily in the distance as ever Agatha had done. At last she spoke.

"Yes, dear, I will tell you all about it."

The windows of the sitting-room opened on the piazza, and entering the invitingly cool and cosy apartment, Aunt Hester laid aside her work, while Agatha drew a low seat by the side of her aunt's easy chair; who, before she commenced her story, leaned over her, and kissing tenderly the up-turned face, said:

"It is not without pain that I shall recall these incidents, but if they are the means of benefiting you, I will not shrink from the suffering."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COCHINESE STUPIDITY.—A traveller in China writes: It is astonishing how beings endowed with reason can be so dull of apprehension in such simple matters, but it is not more strange than true; for they cannot comprehend the most simple thing that is foreign to them. For instance, a Cochinese showed me a pocket-knife; he told me he got it out of the wreck of a European vessel, and had been for years studying what it was, but never could find out. I held the knife in his view, and opened the three blades which it contained, though with some difficulty, from the rust about it, and to see that man's foolish amazement was amusing. He was almost afraid to take hold of it again; so I shut it, and gave it back to him; and then, do you think he could open the blades? No, not one of them, to save his life. By this time there was a considerable crowd gathered round us; the knife was passed to some twenty of them, and they were all equally clever; not one of them could open it. They pressed it, hammered it, looked at it, and then at me, and there was such a jabber amongst them. Presently it was brought to me again, to give them another lesson; and I showed the owner about half a dozen times. I think he at last found out the secret. For three successive days he troubled me with the knife; but after that time I saw no more of him.

WAITING TO BE WAKED.—In the tombs of the Necropolis of ancient Egypt two kinds of mummies have been found. One is incomplete—that is to say, all organs necessary to life have been separated from them; the other, on the contrary, is quite complete. Having observed this, a Swedish chemist, professor at the University of Upsal, has come to the conclusion that the Egyptian mummies are not all bodies embalmed by any process of preservation whatever, but that they are really the bodies of individuals whose life had momentarily suspended, with the intention of restoring them at some future time, only the secret of preservation has been lost. Meanwhile the Professor adduces many proofs in support of his idea, among others his experiments during the last ten years, which he says have always proved successful. He took a snake and treated it in such a manner as to benumb it as though it had been carved in marble, and it was so brittle that, had he allowed it to fall, it would have been broken into fragments. In this state he kept it for one or several years, then restored it to life by sprinkling it with a stimulating fluid, the composition of which is a secret. For fifteen years the snake has been undergoing an existence composed of successive deaths and resurrections, apparently without sustaining any harm.

AN EXTRAVAGANT PRINCESS.—A young Russian princess has a wonderful house in Paris. In the bath-room the walls and ceilings are hung with white muslin, on a ground of rose-colored satin, and the floor is covered with white velvet cloth. The water fills into the marble bath from chased silver taps, and above is suspended a dais, from which filters scented water. The dressing-room is lined with gold, shot with pink, and white marble supports a tablet, upon which rests a mirror, framed in gold and silver foliage; a few choice objects of art stand about; and, in the mirror-room, sky-blue hangings of velvet drape the numerous-looking glasses.

UNGATHERED LOVE.

BY EMILY HOLMES MARTIN.

When the autumn winds go wailing
Through branches yellow and brown,
When the gray and night is falling,
And the day is going down—
I hear the desolate evening sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

I and my lover we dwell apart,
We twain may never be one—
We shall never stand heart to heart,
Then what can be said or done,
When winds and waters and song-birds sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering?

When day is over and night descends,
And dank mists circle and rise,
I fall asleep, and slumber befriends,
For I dream of April skies,
But I wake to hear the silence sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

When the dawn comes in with wind and rain
And birds awake in the eaves,
And rain drops smite the window pane,
And drench the eddying leaves,
I hear the voice of the day break sing
Of a Love that bloomed in the early spring,
And which no heart had for gathering.

WITHOUT A PIGTAIL.

I.

"When I'm a man you shall have a proper horse, and not a thing like this," he said grandly.

"Perhaps we shan't play together then, though," she answered.

"Oh, yes, we shall," he said thoughtfully. "You know," he added patronizingly, "I may marry you—that is, if you are pretty, and can spin a peg-top, and don't mind jumping a ditch, or do stupid things that are of no use at all."

"Perhaps I shan't want you to marry me," she replied scornfully. "I should like to marry a soldier."

"I shall be a soldier, and you are sure to want me to marry you," he said with decision, and she believed him, and from that day forth she considered the matter settled. And when many a year later he told her, laughingly, that he was only a poor soldier, and must marry an heiress or remain on foreign service all his life, she was not very uneasy, for she felt sure that then he was only joking.

They had many a walk and talk together before the first spell of foreign service came. Alic Granger's uncle lived next door to Maggie Dunlop's parents, and as her father was an invalid, and her mother was wholly engrossed in attending upon him, the goings-out and comings-in of that young lady were not subject to the amount of attention they might otherwise have received. The consequence was that when Alic Granger came to Porlock to visit his remarkably well off uncle, he beguiled his time by talking with pretty Maggie Dunlop, until he also beguiled her heart away.

"I have got some news for you, Maggie," he said, one day, about eighteen months after he had gained his commission. "Guess what it is."

"You are going to be promoted," she said.

"Promoted, you little goose! No one ever gets promoted in the army. Guess again."

"You are going to marry an heiress;" there was a lump in her throat as she said it.

"Wrong again; no inestimable young person with green eyes, a turn up nose, susceptible heart, and fifty thousand a year, has turned up yet. But it's something nearly as good. I'm ordered to China!"

"Oh, Alic!" she gasped, and burst into tears. It was very foolish of her, but then she was only sixteen, and had not yet acquired the praiseworthy art of concealing her feelings.

"Why, what are you crying for?" he asked, and kissed away her tears. "I shall only be away five years at most, and when I come back I'll bring you a pig-tail and an ivory toothpick, and a whole lot of things, and——"

"Yes?" she said, listening attentively.

"But then you'll be a young woman—I forgot—and 'out,' and all that sort of thing, and won't condescend to speak to a poor lieutenant; you will have all the squires about the place at your feet."

"Oh, no, indeed I shan't, Alic," she said eagerly.

"But I tell you, you will. I believe you are a born little flirt, and I shall come back and find you——" Then seeing her mournful blue eyes, he was merciful. "I believe I shall come back and find you as great a little darling as you are now, and if we have got any money we'll get married and live happy ever after, and if we haven't we'll get married and starve ever after—unless, of course, the heiress turns up."

"Oh, I hope she won't!" said Maggie, like a truthful little idiot. "Shall you ever write to me, Alic, dear?"

"Yes, of course I shall, and I shall expect you to write back six pages crossed, and all that sort of thing, you know. Poor Maggie, it'll ruin you in postage stamps."

"I don't care," she answered recklessly.

So Alic Granger went to China, and Maggie waited hopefully enough for a letter, but six months passed and none came. Then a year passed and no letter came.

"Perhaps he's ill, or it's miscarried," she said tearfully, half wondering if it could be possible that a Chinese heiress had turned up, and that was the real reason of Alic's silence. Poor little Maggie!

At last the brilliant thought struck her that she'd write to Alic, and she did, and then—for Maggie was getting older—pride stepped in and would not let her send her letter. Two years passed, and never a word.

"It's too bad," she said bitterly, and wondered ruefully if he really had married a wife with a pigtail. And the days and the months went by, and Maggie journied on into womanhood, but no word or sign came from Alic Granger, and at last she gave him up altogether.

II.

Maggie was twenty years old when her father died, and the creditors pounced down, and she and her mother were sold out, and all Porlock and ten miles round talked about them, for Porlock and ten miles round loved its scandal as much as the rest of the world, and though it grieved over the misfortunes of others, it still appreciated the subject for discussion they afforded.

Mrs. Dunlop was offered a home by a sister who was well off and bad-tempered, and it was thankfully accepted. Maggie was informed that she must get her own living, which being precisely Maggie's own opinion as well as intention, she advertised for a situation as governess. One of her answers, from a garrison-town, stated that Mrs. Marshall required a governess for her three little girls. Maggie thought she should like to live in a garrison place; she might even some day see Alic there, not that she would condescend to speak to him after his neglect, of course, and not that she cared—oh dear, no! So she accepted it.

Mrs. Marshall was a stiffnecked sort of woman, and stared hard at poor little Maggie. Colonel Marshall, her husband, was a nice old man, with a bald head and an iron-grey moustache; and there was a grown-up daughter, a Miss Patterson, Mrs. Marshall's daughter by her first husband, who was really the mistress of the establishment, for Maria Patterson had a strong will, and she was an heiress. Maria was skinny, and twenty-five if she was a day, and thought herself sarcastic, and always said nasty things to people who did not dare say them back again.

One evening, when Maggie had been about a year there, and she was sitting alone in her schoolroom, Miss Patterson walked in very much dressed, and rather flushed and excited.

"Miss Dunlop," she said, "we shall have a few friends this evening, and I know one or two of them like an impromptu dance; will you be ready to come into the drawing-room and play, if we should want you?"

"I fear I cannot play dance music very well; I never keep time, but I will try," said Maggie.

She then put on her shabby black evening gown, and stuck a spray of white flowers into her golden hair, and waited patiently for the summons, hoping she would wait in vain.

It very soon came, and with a roll of music under her arm, a flush on her innocent frightened face, and a scared, almost hunted, expression in her eyes, she descended, and timidly opened the drawing-room door, and then stood still for a moment staring in astonishment at the scene before her. There sat the heiress with an eager, pleased expression on her face, and leaning over her, talking and laughing, and more handsome than ever, and sunburnt and soldierly-looking, was Alic Granger. There was no mistaking him. The color rushed to Maggie's face, as if to say a hurried good-bye, and then left it altogether. She recovered her self-possession, however, and walked with what she flattered herself was great dignity towards the piano. She felt rather than saw him raise his head and look at her, and the next moment he was by her side.

"Maggie, my dear Maggie! Why, fancy you being here; where did you come from? I have been trying to find you out for months."

"I thought you——" and then she did not know how to go on; so added almost piteously, "I am the governess here."

"Are you? oh, I see, then that is the reason I've not seen you before. I suppose."

"Do you really know Miss Dunlop?" the heiress asked, coming up and speaking in her coldest manner.

"Why, of course I do; we have been playfellows ever since we were born—haven't we, Maggie?" and Maggie, feeling that she was being backed up, answered bravely, "Yes."

"Oh, indeed! how interesting!"—then, turning to Maggie, "Will you be so good as to begin a waltz, Miss Dunlop?—This was to be our dance, I think," to Alic, and she sailed off with him triumphantly.

He came up to her directly the dance was over, "I went down to Porlock to try and find out where you had gone to," he said, "but nobody knew."

"It didn't matter," she said huskily, letting her fingers wander carelessly over the keys to make believe she wasn't very interested in what he said.

"Yes, it did—it mattered a great deal. Why, I've got a box full of curiosities for you—clubs to fight with, and a little heathen god or two, and a statue of Buddha, and all sorts of things. I told you I should bring you them home. Do you live here—I mean in the house?" he said these last words under his breath, for the heiress came up, and the next minute he was carried off to dance with Mrs. Somebody at the other end of the room, but not before Maggie had nodded a reply to him.

Soon after this Miss Patterson came up to the piano, and saying that she wished to play herself, and that Maggie looked tired, dismissed her without her being able to get even another look at Alic.

III.

The lessons did not progress well the next morning. Maggie was thinking of Alic, who was no doubt strolling about the common, listening to the band and making love to the heiress. Suddenly, at about twelve o'clock, just when Maggie was in the middle of expounding as best she could the eccentricities of the French grammar, there was a knock on the schoolroom door. "Come in," she said. The door opened, and there stood before her astonished eyes the form of Alic Granger.

"Oh, what will Mrs. Marshall and Miss Patterson say?" said Maggie in consternation.

"Nothing to you for the next half-hour or so, for I have just seen them safely on their way to Woolwich, and I thought I should just get a quiet chat with you.—My dears," he said, turning to Maggie's wide eyed, open-mouthed pupils, "I'm sure you'd like to be let off your lessons, so I'll let you off for half an hour; run along, my little dears," and he opened the door for them, and shut it after them.

"Oh, Alic!" she said in fear and trembling.

"Oh, Maggie!" he answered mimicking. "What did you mean by going away from Porlock and not leaving any address?"

"I couldn't help it, and you never wrote," she answered helplessly.

"No, I never write letters: don't know how to spell well enough. But I have been hunting for you all over the place, and never dreamt of finding you here.

"But, Alic, they'll never forgive me."

"Never mind, it doesn't matter, because if you are good I'll take you away next week. Besides, they'll forgive me anything. I saved the colonel's life when he was in Hong Kong—at least, so he says."

"You will get me into dreadful trouble—you will indeed, Alic. Miss Patterson came in this morning and scolded me for talking to you last night."

"Never mind, she was only jealous," he laughed, "Now tell me how soon you can leave here."

"What for?" she asked innocently.

"Why, you haven't forgotten that we agreed to get married when I came back, have you, you little coquette?"

"No, but you are engaged, are you not?"

"Yes, of course I am—to you."

"Oh! but, Alic——"

"Oh! but, Maggie——" and then he stooped and kissed her, and nothing more could be said, for the door opened, and there stood the colonel, and there stood Mrs. Marshall, and there stood Maria Patterson.

"Miss Dunlop!" screamed Maria, horror struck.

"Mr. Granger!" said Mrs. Marshall in astonishment.

"Holty-toity!" exclaimed the colonel. "What does all this mean?"

"She must leave the house at once!" said the heiress.

"Of course she must," Mrs Marshall said. "I never heard of such a thing in my life——"

"No more did I," put in Alic, who was always irrepressible.

"To deliberately send the children out of the way, and have Mr. Granger up into the schoolroom."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," said Alic, looking as if he were beginning a speech, "it is all my fault. You told me, and so did the colonel, to consider your house my home, and I have done so. Miss Dunlop here was a playfellow of mine once, and when I went away we were engaged, but somehow we lost sight of each other when there were a few thousand miles between us, and it was the happiest moment of my life to meet her again last night; and so I took the liberty of calling on her this morning, and we were just arranging to get married next week when you interrupted us."

"Quite right, quite right, my dear Granger," said the old colonel heartily, "you shall be married from here——"

"Oh! please let me go to mamma—do let me go at once," pleaded Maggie, finding her little tongue at last.

"I think it would be much more satisfactory if Miss Dunlop went back to her relations," said the heiress sourly.

So they all finally agreed, and that very afternoon Maggie packed up her modest belongings and all the curiosities, and went to the well-off and bad-tempered aunt.

"But, Alic," she asked in the railway carriage—for he escorted her, of course—"I thought you were going to marry Miss Patterson."

"Did you, Miss Goose? Well, you see, Miss Patterson is a charming girl, no doubt, but somehow the men don't see it, and in spite of her money and best endeavors she has not got off yet."

The bad tempered aunt received her niece very graciously when she found she was going to marry well, the following week. As for poor Mrs. Dunlop, she could have jumped for joy, only she was too old for such violent exercise.

"Pray, miss, what are you laughing to yourself about?" asked Alic the evening before the wedding day.

"Nothing, Alic, only when you were away, I used to think sometimes that perhaps you'd married a Chinese heiress with a pigtail."

"The sort of thing you would think," he said grandly; "as it is, you see, I am going to marry a little girl without a pigtail; and I am very happy, my darling—are you?"

"Very, very," she said; and she was.

Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie.

BY C. R.

All the women are jealous of her; there is no doubt about that. The first time she appears in church with crisp mauve muslins floating about her and a dainty mauve erection on her head, which presumably she calls a bonnet, I know at once how it will be.

"We must call on Mrs. Ogilvie at once," I observe to Mary Anne as we proceed across the fields on our homeward walk. "It is my duty as her landlord to find out if she is comfortable. She is a lady-like person," I continue, diplomatically forbearing to allude to the obvious beauty; "and I daresay, my dear, you will find her an agreeable neighbor."

Mrs. Ogilvie has rented a small cottage which I own in the west-country village of which I am the principal doctor. She is the wife of a naval officer who is away in the squadron, and has settled in our sleepy little hamlet to live quietly during his absence. All her references have been quite unexceptionable, and, indeed, she is slightly known to our Squire, as is also her absent husband. "A splendid fellow he is," Mr. Dillon tells me; "stands six feet in his stockings, and is as handsome as Apollo; indeed I don't believe that for good looks you could find such another couple in England."

The following day Mary Anne, with but little persuasion, agrees to accompany me to the cottage to call on Mrs. Ogilvie. The door is opened by a neat maid-servant. She is at home; and we are ushered into the drawing room, which we almost fail to recognize, so changed is it for the better.

Presently Mrs. Ogilvie comes in, looking, if possible, even lovelier than the day before. Her manner is as charming as her looks, and as she thanks my wife with pleasant, cordial words for being the first of her neighbors to take compassion on her loneliness, I can see that my Mary Anne, whose heart is as large as her figure, basely deserts the female faction and goes over to the enemy. Mrs. Ogilvie is very young, still quite a girl, though she has been married three years, she informs us.

"It is dreadful that Frank should have to go away," she says, and the tears well up in her large gray eyes; "that is the worst of the service. But I suppose no woman ought to interfere with her husband's career. I am going to live here as quietly as possible until he returns. See; here is his photograph," she continues, lifting a case from the table and handing it to Mary Anne. "Is he not handsome."

He is undoubtedly handsome, if the likeness speaks truth, and we both say so; Mary Anne, with the privilege of her sex and age, adding a word as to the beauty of the pair.

"Oh, yes," replies Mrs. Ogilvie, without the slightest embarrassment in her voice, "we are always called the 'handsome couple.'"

I suppose something of my astonishment expresses itself in my countenance, for she smiles and says: "I am afraid you think me very vain; but I cannot help knowing that I am good-looking, any more than I can help being aware that my eyes are gray, and that my hair is golden. It is a gift from God, like any talent; a valuable one too, I think it; and I own that I am proud of it, for my dear Frank's sake, who admires it so much."

But Mrs. Ogilvie has many more attractions than are to be found in her face. She is a highly educated woman, a first-rate musician, and a pleasant and intelligent companion; and more than all, she has a sweet, loving disposition, and a true heart at the core of all her little vanities. She is very good to the poor in our village, and often when I am on my rounds I meet her coming out of some cottage with an empty basket in her hand, which was full when she entered it.

She has been settled at the cottage rather more than two years, and is beginning to count the weeks to her husband's return. We do not number them quite so eagerly, for when he comes he will take her away from us, and we shall miss her sorely.

It is summer again—a hot, damp summer; it has been a very sickly season, and my hands are full.

"You had better send the children away to morrow morning, Mary Anne," I say one day, as soon as I get in. "Mrs. Black is very ill, and I am afraid—I cannot tell yet, but I am afraid—she is going to have small-pox. Of course I shall have her removed at once, if I am right; but it may prove not to be an isolated case, and it will be as well to get the children out of the way. I shall try and persuade every one in the village to be vaccinated to-morrow."

On the following day we despatch the children early to their aunt's, under the care of an old servant; and as soon as I have seen them off, I go down to Mrs. Black's. To my consternation I find Mrs. Ogilvie just leaving the house.

"I have been disobedient, you see," she says gaily, for I had told her she must not go round so much; "but I promised to bring Mrs. Black something early this morning; and she seemed so ill yesterday that I did not like to disappoint her. But I am not going to transgress orders again—for Frank's sake," she adds softly.

I give an inward groan. Heaven grant she may not have transgressed them once too often! And I hasten inside to find my worst fears confirmed. Mrs. Black has small-pox, unmistakably.

I am so busy for the next few days that I am unable to go down to the cottage. One or two more cases of small-pox appear in the village, and I am anxious and hard-worked; but Mary Anne tells me that Mrs. Ogilvie has heard of Mrs. Black's removal, and is dreadfully nervous about herself. "I hope she will not frighten herself into it," adds my wife.

As she speaks a message comes from Mrs. Ogilvie, who "wishes to see me professionally." My heart sinks as I seize my hat and follow the messenger; and with too good reason. I find her suffering from the first symptoms of small-pox; and in twenty-four hour hours it has declared itself unequivocally, and threatens to be a bad case. I try to keep the nature of her illness from her, but in vain. She questions me closely, and when she discovers the truth, gives way to a burst of despair which is painful to witness.

"I shall be marked; I shall be hideous!" she exclaims, sobbing bitterly. "Poor Frank, how he will hate me!"

For some time Mrs. Ogilvie's life is in great danger; but her youth and good constitution prevail against the grim destroyer, and at length I am able to pronounce all peril past.

But alas, alas! all my hopes, all my care, all my poor skill have been in vain; and the beauty which we have all admired so much, and which has been so precious to our poor patient, is a thing of the past. But her misery is for the possible effect the loss of her beauty may have on her husband, who is now daily expected. His ship has been at sea, so we have been unable to write to him.

At length his vessel arrives, and I receive a telegram telling me when we may expect him, and begging me to break the news gently to his wife. She receives it with a flood of bitter tears and sobs.

Mr. Ogilvie is announced, and I meet him at the door.

"She will not see me!" he says impetuously, coming in without any formal greeting. "She has shut herself in her room, and calls to me, with hysterical tears, that she is too dreadful to look upon, that I shall cease to love her as soon as I behold her, and that she cannot bear to face it."

And the strong man falls into a chair, with a sob.

"It is not so bad as that," I begin.

"I don't care how bad it is!" he cries; "she need not doubt my love. My poor darling will always be the same to me whether she has lost her beauty or not."

Whereupon I extend my hand to him and shake his heartily; and I know my wife has great difficulty in restraining herself from enveloping him in her motherly arms.

"We must resort to stratagem," I say. "I will go down to the cottage at once, and you follow me in ten minutes with my wife. I will try and coax Mrs. Ogilvie to come out and speak to me, and you must steal upon her unawares."

Mrs. Ogilvie at first refuses to see or speak to me; but I go up to her door, and am mean enough to remind her of my wife's devotion to her, and entreat her to open the door.

"Where is Frank?" she asks.

"I left him at home with Mary Anne," I reply, feeling that I am worthy of being a diplomatist at the court of St. Petersburg, as she descends the stairs and opens the door. I take her out into the garden and begin to reprove her for her conduct, with assumed anger. She listens, with eyes bliaded by tears. I, on the look-out, hear the latch of the garden gate click; but she, absorbed in her sorrow, does not notice it. I look up and see Frank Ogilvie's eyes fixed hungrily on his wife. Her changed appearance must be an awful shock to him; but he bears it bravely; and in a moment he has sprung forward, clasped her in his arms, and the poor scarred face is hidden on his true and loving heart!

Then Mary Anne and I turn silently away, and leave him to teach her that there are things more valuable, and of far higher worth, than any mere beauty of face or form.

After all, we do not lose her, for Mr. Ogilvie, falling heir to some money, leaves the navy and purchases a small estate in our neighborhood, on which they still reside. Mrs. Ogilvie is no longer young, and has a family of lads and lasses around her, who inherit much of their mother's loveliness. But one of the first things she teaches them is not to set a fictitious value on it; "for," she says, "I thought too much of mine, and God took it from me." No one ever hears her regret the loss of her beauty; "for through that trial," she tells my wife, "I learned to know the true value of my Frank's heart."

She simply worships her husband, and is in all respects a happy woman. Indeed, seeing the sweet smiles which adorn her face, and the loving light which dwells in her eyes, I am sometimes tempted to call her, as of yore—Pretty Mrs. Ogilvie.

A western newspaper man uses a bludgeon among his delinquent subscribers, and says he gets the most of his money through "club agencies."

Fine sensibilities are like the woodbine, delightful luxuries of beauty to twine about a solid stem of understanding; but very poor things if left to crawl on the ground.

News of Interest

There are 300,000 cattle in Montana.

The President of France is 71 years old.

Louisiana planters are raising Egyptian cotton.

Fashion cards of fall overcoats are being printed.

Switzerland has a standing army of 12,000 men.

Lord Houghton has been ill, but is recovering.

The repeal of the bankrupt law takes effect Sept. 1.

Puritan Boston had thirteen excursions last Sunday.

Americans generally commit suicide with a pistol.

The Irish is the only nationality not given to suicide.

Some Chinamen make oath by burning a piece of paper.

Extensive religious revivals are looked for next autumn.

A button is a small event which is always coming off.

The corn crop will be immense in the West and South.

Dexter, the once famous trotter, now jogs along at 2.30.

The Florida orange groves promise an abundant harvest.

Akron, Ohio, has 17,000 population and not a dollar of debt.

A bushel of corn yields about four gallons of proof spirits.

The bite of an owl has been known to create hydrophobia.

A loom that will weave is a new device for amusing children.

In Boston the police are subjected to medical examination.

Savannah is exercising most vigorous quarantine measures.

The Mormons are charged with selling arms to hostile Indians.

The Khedive of Egypt and his family own 910,000 acres of land.

Ice as thick as window glass formed in Gold Hill, Nev., July 4th.

"On a kangaroo" is the new zoological title for a state of hilarity.

Telegraph messengers in Detroit ride three-wheeled velocipedes.

A bass was caught in the Schuylkill which had a rat inside of it.

The English sparrow is said to eat bees, but he likes sunflowers best.

Krupp has finished a cannon 29 feet long, weighing 140,000 pounds.

The three-cent pieces are to be called in and their circulation stopped.

At a late sheriff's sale at Lebanon, Pa., combs went at a dollar apiece.

At Leeds, Eng., a Mrs. Anderson lately walked 1200 miles in 1000 hours.

African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like a saw.

Any one who violates the quarantine ordinance in Vicksburg is imprisoned.

A fall of one-tenth of an inch per mile will produce a motion in the rivers.

The will of Michael Reese, of San Francisco, bequeaths $440,000 to charities.

The only medical college for negroes is in Nashville. It is amply endowed.

Cottonwood telegraph poles in Nevada have sprouted, forming lines of trees.

A Cohoes (N. Y.) man, had the silver in his pocket turned black by lightning.

The Irish language is hereafter to be regularly taught in the schools of Ireland.

A drinking song composed and written by Robespierre was lately sold in Paris.

An English estate lately declared a dividend of 50-128th of a penny in the pound.

A prompt emetic made a Fair Haven (N. Y.) baby vomit up nineteen potato bugs.

One Georgian has collected and sold 60,000 bullets from battlefields in that State.

In less than thirteen years, the national debt has been reduced more than $611,000,000.

The United States pay yearly to foreign countries $100,000,000 for sugar and molasses.

The sales of land to settlers in the western territories have been very large this season.

The greatest dress parade in the world is that of the King of Siam, who has 3000 wives in one building.

The electric light is being slowly developed, so that it promises to become capable of universal use.

An English judge has lately decided that a bicyclist is only a pedestrian as to the rights of the road.

The late terrible thunder storms have abundantly proved the danger of seeking shelter under trees.

During July, 1,135,100 pieces were coined at the Philadelphia mint, over a million being silver dollars.

A Petersburg (Va.) paper says the increase of insanity among the colored people has been marked of late.

There are two million beehives in the United States, and the average yield is over 24 pounds of honey to the hive.

Women have had to do harvest work in many places in Iowa, because the tramps won't work, even for $2 50 a day.

The habit of counterfeiting nature has been carried so far that the artistic angler now catches pike with soft rubber frogs.

Almond color, the new shade of drab or brown, is seen in kid gloves, ribbons, straws for bonnets, and elegant silks for fall wear.

A company has been organized at Washington to supply the householders of the entire city with provisions on the co operative plan.

A Richmond (Mo.) sow lately came to her master from the woods with three young coons among her litter, which she nursed as if her own.

There are 50,000 illegitimate children born in France every year, and there are now about 4,000,000 of these unfortunates in that country.

It is estimated that 30,000 people have emigrated from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to Kansas, taking with them $3,000,000 of capital.

It is said that Mr. Darwin's theory of the origin of man suddenly flashed upon his mind one morning as he was brushing his hair before a glass.

The general result of the Berlin treaty is that by partition and possession the empire lately known as Turkey in Europe will be governed henceforth by Russia, England and Austria.

There are indications that the city-ward movement of our people will soon be reversed, and an agricultural life be once more as attractive in the eyes of the people as it is independent and honorable.

A young man went into the office of the county judge at Milwaukee the other day, and asked for an injunction to prevent a girl he was in love with, from marrying a cripple to whom she was much attached. The girl's father accompanied the young man, and they were much chagrined when told they could not have the legal aid desired.

In the Olden Time

they had mills, it is said, for grinding elderly people over, so that they came out young, fresh, and fair as ever. In these days, such mills would be superfluous, as LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH smooths the wrinkles imprinted by time, and bestows upon the faded complexion of a lady of forty, the clearness and freshness which it possessed in girlhood. Sallowness, harshness of the skin, and all unsightly blemishes are quickly obviated by its purifying and softening operation.

RECOMPENSE.

BY ALICE L. MCALILLY.

Who casts a grateful thought on him
Who plows through days of toil?
It matters not who sows the seed
To him who reaps the spoil.

It matters not whose hand may strew
The germs whose future yield
Shall ripen 'neath some other eye
In many a waving field.

No matter how the heart may ache,
How throbs the weary head,
As footsore toilers smooth the path
For other feet to tread.

No matter how the thorns may pierce
The patient hands anew,
Which, working on, leave lighter toil,
For other hands to do.

Enrich the soil, plant flower and vine,
Nor tears in sorrow waste;
If other lips the nectar sip,
Which you had thought to taste.

But be a stepping-stone for those
Who follow in thy name,
When thou hast borne the storms and ills
And smoothed the road to fame.

And toil thou on until the brain
And body faint in pain;
Then lay thee down and leave the goal
For other hearts to gain.

With eyes turned upward, let thy thoughts
No taint of malice bear;
Nor yield to earth the crown in heaven
Which thou alone canst wear.

And when thy thankless tasks are done,
And death thy hopes o'erthrows,
A life of endless joy shall be
Thy recompense for woes.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A mantle of gloom fell over the once happy household; the servants soon perceived that there was something wrong. Peter Lennox kept to his study now, and seldom dined at home or spoke to his niece; he was vexed, angry, and discomfited. He would have liked to have given Beatrix her way, to have sunned himself once more in her smiles, to have heard the ring of her laughter, to have seen the bright face happy; but the sacrifice was too great for him to make. He hardened his heart against her; he said to himself that she was ungrateful, that she was ready to scatter the work of his life to the winds to gratify her own inclination. He would not think of the excuses to be made for her. He said to himself that this fair fabric of his that he had given his life to build was destroyed by one wanton touch of her hand. He persuaded himself that she had used him ill.

"All women are alike," said the cynic; "there is no constancy in any of them. I, of all men in the world, ought to have trusted least to a woman's word; but it is the last time."

He reminded himself sadly of how he had loved her, of how he had lavished all his affection on her, of his pride in her bright young beauty, of how he had poured out his wealth like water beneath her feet, and how all had gone for nothing. She was not willing to sacrifice even a whim for him. But she should not master him; she should not conquer. He bit his lip and ground his teeth when he thought of what he could do, of the terrible punishment he would bring on her if she persisted in her mad course. He was sorry for himself, sorry for Lady Ailsa, but just wrath and vengeance must overtake Beatrix if she persisted in her wilful determination. He muttered savage words against Beltran Carew; he said things that in after-days brought hot blushes even to his grave face. But for Beltran Carew this complication would not have happened; Beatrix would have overcome her shyness, and have learned to love that worthy gentleman the Duke. In his heart the millionaire could have cursed the barrister. So from day to day matters went on, growing hourly worse and worse. Peter Lennox had to hear and put up with all that the world said about the breaking off of the marriage. Explain as he would, people insisted on believing that there had been an engagement.

He wrote a paragraph himself contradictory of the other one, but so cautiously worded that it left what he termed "an open door"—for Beatrix might change her mind even at the eleventh hour; he did all that was possible to do. But the story of the broken engagement did not harm Miss Lennox—no one looked shyly on her, no one said a word against her. The Duke had left London for the Continent, and the whole fashionable world knew that it was because he could not persuade Beatrix Lennox to marry him. The girl in consequence became more popular and was more courted than ever. She received countless invitations—people respected her. She had done that which few girls of her age would have done; but the story of her engagement to Beltran Carew was not known.

In the meantime she saw Beltran at rare intervals—"glimpses of Elysium" he called such meetings. He could not go to Strathnarn House—Peter Lennox had forbidden it. The Duchess of Elmslie was very civil to him when she met him, but she never invited him to her house. The lovers met at balls and parties, and sometimes Beltran joined Beatrix at the Opera. If they could not meet, they could write; and they did so. Beltran Carew's eloquent letters did more to bind the girl's heart to him than anything else could have done. They were all poetry, "burning words in silver rhymes." No morning hardly passed without bringing her one. She met him occasionally at Lady Rayner's—for Lady Rayner was the only person who approved of what she had done.

"Never mind the disagreeable present, Beatrix," she would say to her—"think of the future, think of your life spent with the man you love. Do not yield, do not be discouraged; it will all come right in the end, and you will be happy."

Lady Rayner was kind; she invited Beltran to her house, and always gave him an opportunity for a *tete-a-tete* with Miss Lennox. They met there one morning when Beatrix had called quite accidentally, and Beltran, she fancied, was not in his usual spirits. They were in the large drawing-room, Lady Rayner, snipping the dead leaves from her favorite roses, at one end, and they at the other, so that they could speak quite at their ease.

"You look dull, Beltran, this morning," said Beatrix. "What is wrong?"

"You do not look dull, *ma belle*," he replied. "I saw you yesterday in white, with red roses—I though nothing could suit you better; I see you now in this pretty cream-color—how my mother would rave about the tint!—and you look even better. Every time I see you I discover new beauties in you face, new music in your voice, and I grow discomfitted. I say to myself who am I, that I should seek to win and wear this beautiful flower!"

She held up her hand in dismay.

"I am glad you admire me," she said, with the strange frankness which characterised her. "I like to be beautiful in your eyes, above all others. You forget that you are not to talk that kind of nonsense to me. It is tabooed. You have not told my why you look so dull."

"I have been thinking of you, my darling, and wondering how long this state of things is to continue."

"Are you going to vex me by talking about my wealth, and about giving me up because you have not as much?" she inquired.

"No," he laughed; "what I have to say is the opposite of that," he replied. "I am going to ask you, if I work as hard as I can for two years, or it may be a little longer—if I save all my money so as to make a pretty little home for you, my darling—a pretty one amongst the flowers and trees, not such a home as you have now—will you trust yourself to me then? My profession is a good one—I can earn a good income—nothing of course in comparison with what is needful for your position; but I think we should be very happy, sweet, although we should not be very rich. Would you be willing?"

There was no false notion of pride or shyness about Beatrix—there was nothing but love in the face she raised to his.

"I should be quite willing," she replied, "and very much happier, Beltran, than I am now."

He took from a little brown morocco case a ring of gold with a band of pearls, very costly, and very chaste.

"This is our betrothal then, my darling. Let me place this ring on your finger. It will seem to me then as though we were indeed bound for life."

He placed the ring on her finger, little dreaming of all that would spring from such an act, and then kissed her.

"My darling, nothing can part us now," he said—"nothing but death."

"And Heaven is so good," she responded, "that death itself will not come to us just yet."

On that same evening the three members of the divided household dined together. Peter Lennox had resolved upon making one more appeal to his niece, and so talked to her more kindly than usual. It was gentle Lady Lennox who caused the mischief. She noticed the ring with its band of pearls, and, taking her daughter's hand in hers, she said:

"Trixie, what a beautiful ring! What large pearls! How fine they are! Have I seen that before?"

"No, mamma," she replied.

"Where did it come from?" asked Lady Lennox quite unconsciously.

Some girls would have evaded the question, and without speaking falsely would have laughed away the inquiry—not so frank, uncompromising Beatrix. She looked up, and said:

"Beltran Carew gave it to me, mamma. It is my engagement-ring."

The few simple words fell like a thunderbolt. Lady Ailsa sighed deeply. Peter Lennox abruptly rose from his chair and quitted the room, leaving his dinner behind him.

"Oh, Trixie, my dear, you should not have spoken out in that terrible way—you should not indeed! Your uncle was growing more cheerful."

"What terrible way, mamma? You asked me a question, and I answered it. You would not surely have me speak falsely? Beltran gave me the ring."

"I wish I had never said a word about it; but the pearls shone so beautifully that I could not help noticing them. I think it was very wrong though of Mr. Carew to give you a ring, Trixie."

"Did papa ever give you one, mamma?" she asked.

"Yes—not one, but many," was the reply.

"And did you think that was wrong?" pursued Beatrix.

"Certainly not. That was quite another thing. Pray do not laugh in that kind of way. My dear it is not nice."

Lady Ailsa trembled a little when Beatrix kissed her and said:

"Mamma, if I vexed or displeased you, I would ask your pardon on my knees. I was laughing because you seemed to think that the same rules which applied to you do not apply to me. You loved my father's gifts—I love my lover's gifts because they are his. Mamma, if you had seen how handsome and how lovable he looked when he placed this ring on my finger, you would say that I could not care enough for him. I——"

The door opened and one of the footmen brought in a message, saying that Mr. Lennox was in the library and wished to see Miss Lennox at once.

"Trixie," said Lady Lennox, "I am so frightened. What does your uncle want you for?"

"Never mind, mamma," she replied good humoredly. "Uncle and I are the giants—we will fight out our own battles. You are the fairy—you must not distress yourself about them."

But Lady Ailsa trembled. She had seen something in Peter Lennox's stern face that had alarmed her. Beatrix felt no fear. "It takes a great deal to frighten a Lennox," she said.

She walked rapidly, with her usual grace, pride, and dignity. Even her uncle had his misgivings as he saw the girl's undaunted aspect; he did not ask her to be seated, but he closed the door lest what he had to say should be overheard. Then he turned to confront her as she stood in her imperial loveliness, her dress of white silk sweeping the ground, dauntless as the Lennox of old who had carried the royal standard while the swords of a regiment were drawn against him.

"I am your lawful guardian, Beatrix; I stand here in your dead father's place," he began.

"But not with his kindly heart," she interposed.

"I stand in his place," continued Peter Lennox, "and I hold his authority. In his name and in my own, I command you to take that ring from off your finger and return it to the presumptuous man from whom you have received it. Do you hear?"

"Yes, uncle, I hear," she replied calmly.

"Do you intend to obey?" he asked.

"No, most decidedly not. You must think I am a child, uncle, to ask me such a thing. That ring will never leave my finger while I live."

"Think again," he said, "before you defy me. I give you one more chance. Will you take off that ring, send it back to Beltran Carew, and tell him that by my wish all acquaintance between you is ended?"

"No, uncle, I will not—I cannot," she replied.

The stern face grew white with rage. She did not quail before it.

"You refuse? Then listen to me, Beatrix Lennox. I have been some time considering what I should do—listen to me."

"I am listening, uncle," she replied. But even she, who knew how far the Lennox anger could go, wondered what it was that he had to say.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"I have born a great deal," said Peter Lennox to his niece, on hearing her refusal to give up her lover, "far more than I ought to have borne; but I loved you, Beatrix, and I did not want to harm you. Now I have come to this determination—you must give up Beltran Carew, or you must give me up—one of the two. My heiress must be worthy of her name, and, if you marry this needy barrister, you will not be worthy."

"Do not say one word against him," she returned with white lips.

"I will leave that for the world," he said. "It will say enough without the addition of one word from me. I brand him as a fortune-hunter, and so dismiss him. It is with you I have to deal. You must choose between us—between Peter Lennox, your father's brother, the head of your house, your uncle, your guardian, the man who has lavished his wealth upon you, who rescued you from poverty and made you his heiress, and the man who may mar your life and mine. You must choose between us, Beatrix Lennox."

"I choose him," she replied calmly.

"So much for the gratitude of women! Listen then. If you choose him, I wash my hands of you—I shall disinherit you. I shall burn my will to-morrow, and leave you penniless. I will send you back to your poverty and your loneliness at Strathnarn. I will never give you another shilling—I will never see you nor hear you speak again. I will curse you, because of my ruined hopes and my ruined life."

Her face grew deadly white. Her truth and fidelity were not in the least shaken; but the penalty was heavier than she had expected—a thousand times heavier. Her lips quivered; she looked up into the stern face.

"There is my mother, uncle," she said slowly—"my mother."

"I know it; but, if her own child deliberately sacrifices her to a whim, who shall blame me if I sacrifice her to my just and righteous anger!"

She stood irresolute. He thought she was yielding.

"I am sorry to be so stern, but the time for soft words is past. You know my alternative now—give up Beltran Carew. I say nothing of the Duke. There are other peers in England from whom you can choose. Give Carew up, and all shall be as it was before, Beatrix. I will forget this disagreeable incident. I will lavish all kindness upon you and upon your mother. I will do anything you wish. I will make you mistress of Erceldean to-morrow—by deed of gift if you like. I will love you as the child of my heart. Oh, Beatrix, think of all this!"

"I do think of it," she returned faintly.

"On the other hand, if you refuse, it shall be as I have said. You may keep your word to Beltran Carew, but you shall never see my face again. You shall never enter my house; you shall return at once to Strathnarn with your mother, and remain there."

"Do not punish my mother," she said; "she has never offended you."

"I cannot separate you—if I could, I would. If you defy me, you and Lady Ailsa shall go back to the poverty, the desolation of the past. Choose now, Beatrix Lennox. You hold your life in your hands. Choose between me and Beltran Carew—between Erceldean, with boundless wealth, and Strathnarn, with pinching poverty. Think before you speak; you can never unsay nor withdraw the words."

She stood quite still, quite silent—it was a tremendous stake. Presently she raised her eyes to his, and a light such as he had never seen before came into her face—a look that he never forgot while he lived.

"I choose Beltran Carew, uncle," she said, quite calmly. "I choose poverty with him rather than wealth without him."

And that was the cost of her love.

There was deep silence between them for many minutes—a silence that neither of them cared to break. Then Peter Lennox moved nearer to her and looked into her face.

"You deliberately renounce Erceldean, and my wealth, my love, and the inheritance I could leave you, for Beltran Carew?"

"I would renounce the whole world for him," she replied.

He bowed.

"I can say no more, Miss Lennox. Perhaps you will accompany me now; I am going to your mother to tell her that this house is your home no longer."

There was a strange tone in his voice, a strange gasping as though for breath—but there was no failing of determination of will. Beatrix laid her hand on his arm.

"Can you not spare my mother, uncle?"

He flung her hand from his arm as though an adder had stung him.

"Your sins must be upon your own head," he said. "Come to your mother at once."

She followed him, because she saw that if she did not her mother would but have the more to suffer.

Lady Ailsa was in the drawing-room. Peter Lennox opened the door, but Beatrix hastened past him and was in the room first. She flung herself on her knees by her mother's side, and clasped her arms round her fragile, trembling figure.

"My darling," she said, kissing the pale face, "you must not be distressed. Uncle Lennox has something to say—something that will sound very terrible—but it will not hurt us."

"Oh, Trixie," moaned the poor lady, "what is it my dear? We have had so much trouble, I cannot bear much more."

"It is this, Ailsa," said Peter Lennox. "I am sorry, believe me, to say it, but I have brought to you the rebellious, defiant girl whom I had hoped would be the pride and honor of our race; I give her back to you—its disgrace and its bane."

"Never mind, darling," whispered Beatrix; "he is very angry now, but he will come to his senses soon."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INVENTION OF THE HAT.—Hatters of the present day most generously ascribe the honor of the invention of felting, and of its prospective introduction to that of hat-making, to the old renowned monk, St. Clement, who, when marching at the head of his pilgrim army, obtained some sheep's wool to put between the soles of his feet and the sandals that he wore, which, of course, became matted into a solid piece. The saints, philosophising upon this circumstance, promulgated the idea of its future usefulness, and thus, it is said, arose the systematic art of felting, and of hat-making.

A man never has the least difficulty in finding a devoted friend, except when he needs one.

Ellie's Sacrifice.

BY M. L. C. D'H.

My heroine's name was Ellice Maule. You wouldn't have known it, perhaps, for everybody called her Ellie. It was a baby name, she said, and she didn't like it; but that is what people called her, nevertheless. Perhaps her slight figure, and small, round face, with its short, clustering auburn hair, had something to do with it; I am quite sure that her mouth had, for it hadn't grown a bit since she was five years old. She was seventeen, but she had a look of being only fourteen. Almost everybody thought that she was fourteen; but Captain Jerry knew much better.

Captain Jerry was Captain Jerry Jones, of the navy. When my story opened, he owned a beautiful yacht, and a fine house and grounds at Appleton.

Ellie lived in Pinedale with her aunt Margaret; but for the last two years she had been away at school. When she came home for the vacations, she and her aunt always went down to Appleton to pay Captain Jerry a visit. Ellie could not remember when she had not known him—he was familiar to her earliest recollections.

He was rather short and stout, with a twinkling eye, and a head of silvery-gray curly hair. He always wore an entire suit of fine blue cloth. He carried a very handsome gold chronometer watch, which Elsie used to play with when she was small enough to sit on his knee, and it would do you good to hear him laugh, and see his eyes sparkle with merriment.

Aunt Margaret Rendell had certainly been a very handsome woman. She had a straight nose, and bright eyes, and very smooth, pink cheeks at the time I am telling you of, though her hair was full of silvery streaks.

When Ellie went back to school, after her last vacation, she felt a little uneasy about her aunt. It seemed to her that she was growing pale and old-looking; that she went about silently, as if something troubled her; and she could not once remember having heard her laugh in the old, pleasant way. She had been so delighted to be at home, had so much to see and do, that she had not exactly noticed at the time; but when she was in the train, going schoolward again, she realized it, and was conscience-smitten at what she thought would be construed into want of feeling.

"Oh, I have been so giddy!" she said. "Why didn't I try and find out what ailed auntie? She said nothing; but then I suppose she thought I was a baby and couldn't do any good. Oh, I do wish people wouldn't call me Ellie, and that I hadn't such short, curly hair, and such a babyish mouth! What's the use of growing up if nobody knows it? There's Harry Hayden always says, 'Good-morning, Ellie,' as careless as he can, while he takes off his hat to Bell Walton, and actually blushes when he meets *her!* Why does everybody treat me as if I were a child?"

However, she continued at her studies, and then left school and went home for good the first of September. She looked up at the windows as the carriage drew up at the door of her aunt's house, but no one was to be seen.

A strange maid-servant admitted her, a little bit of a girl, remarkably stupid; but she told her where her aunt was.

Ellie ran upstairs. There, at the front window, sat aunt Margret, looking exceedingly careworn.

In the brisk work of the last three months she had forgotten she had been fearful that something ailed her aunt; besides, when one has reason for being very happy about something, one forgets or disregards certain other things not pleasant. In Ellie's pocket, at that very moment, was a little note, which she had perused so frequently as to know it by heart, and which read as follows:

"DEAR ELLIE—When I met you at church yesterday, I did not have time to say to you what I wished to say, though I knew I should not see you again. Won't you write to me after you are at home? I have no sisters, as the other fellows have, and I have cared a great deal more for your smiles and pleasant words than you know. I should be very unhappy if I thought I never should see you again. Won't you take pity on my solitude, and write me a little word of reply?

Very truly your friend,
HARRY HAYDON."

Enclosed in the sheet was the photograph of a very agreeable young fellow, with pleasant eyes, and a blonde moustache, which Ella had privately pronounced the most beautiful moustache in the world.

So it is not to be wondered at, perhaps, that she experienced a sudden shock when she saw her aunt's face paler than ever she had seen it in her life, and with hollows under the eyes that seemed to have changed it utterly.

"Aunt Margaret, have you been ill?" she asked.

"No, dear. What put that idea into your head?"

"It frightens me to look at you, somehow. What has happened? Do tell me what is amiss."

Aunt Margaret took her hand and drew her to a seat, Ellie, the while, looking up inquiringly.

"You *are* a woman, now, Ellie, and perhaps I ought to tell. I am getting almost tired of keeping it secret."

"Yes, tell me. What is it?"

"Well, my lines have fallen in hard places, Ellie. I have been well off, but now I am poor. I let my lawyer, Mr. Perry, use a large sum of money in a speculation which promised well, but proved an utter failure. I was even obliged to let part of my house to lodgers, which brings in the rent. But I have literally no home any longer, Ellie—none to offer you. The house is old-fashioned, and does not let well. People of taste and means prefer more modern habitations. I have hardly any income, and am worried about the means of paying my next quarter's rent."

Ellie was grave enough now. She saw how it was.

"Well, auntie," she said, "I am young and strong, and have a good education. I will go teaching, and that will be an income for both of us. I'll begin to morrow and seek for pupils. So do not despair, dear aunt."

Trying and succeding are two different things. There appeared to be a wonderful overplus of governesses.

Ellie became fagged and exhausted in her endeavors; and though several sweet little notes came from Harry Haydon, she could hardly look glad over them. She could not burden her aunt. What, she did not know. She was so young and inexperienced!

Just at this time Captain Jerry came from Appleton.

"Why, Ellie, you have grown pretty as a pink," said he.

Ellie did not feel in the least like a pink. She had walked the day before until she was utterly worn out, and when night came, she had slept so soundly that she awoke in the morning with an awful headache. She felt by no means pleased with herself.

"So you are worried, are you?" said Captain Jerry, then.

Ellie looked up eagerly. What could be his meaning?

"Has aunt Margaret told you, then?" she asked, as an idea occurred to her mind.

"Yes, and we have decided that it would be a good plan for you to go Appleton to live for the present."

"To your house?"

"Yes; will you go?"

A sudden thought flashed over Ellie. Through all Captain Jerry's bachelor days he had repeatedly declared that Ellie should be his little wife some day. He must mean now that she should marry him.

She turned pale, and then flushed from head to foot. Before she knew what she was going to do, she had turned and run out of the room.

She locked herself in her chamber and sat down to think. *Could* she do it? Yes, she *would*. Aunt Margaret must be taken care of, and there was the comfortable mansion at Appleton. She wasn't any more in love with Captain Jerry than if he were her father; but she put herself out of the question. He was good, a safe man to trust in any emergency, and aunt Margaret would always find him a friend. She thought of Harry Haydon, and her heart seemed to stop beating; but she said: "Never mind, I must do my duty; I can't dream any more of him."

So, when she had entirely settled it in her own mind, she ran down stairs to her aunt's room, where Jerry's hearty laugh was to be heard, and entered.

If Ellie hadn't been so excited and absorbed, she would have seen that aunt Margaret was looking very happy. Her cheeks had their old color, and she was actually smiling with her old, bright smile. But Ellie didn't see it. She only saw the two familiar figures, and she walked straight up before them.

"Captain Jerry," said she, speaking very steadily, yet with feverish cheeks, "I will marry you."

"You, Ellie?" he exclaimed. "Why, I am going to marry your aunt."

You'd better believe Ellie was astonished. She never thought of such a thing. But what could have been nicer?

They were married in a week, and all went to Appleton to live, the most comfortable people in the world.

"To think that I offered myself to my uncle!" said Ellie, on day, kissing the Captain rapturously.

He called her a silly little chit, said that he would as soon marry his own daughter, if he had one, and then the bell rang for dinner.

Immediately after the wedding, Harry Haydon came to Pinedale, and then to Appleton for a visit, and—well, he and Ellie are married.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IT WAS IN PARIS.—An elegant lady goes out shopping. While she is engaged, there is a heavy fall of rain. The streets are flooded, and, to add to her distress, her carriage stands on the far side of a large, open square, which has become a lake. She signals to the driver, but his horses being young, will not face the water. She stands on the edge of a curb, stamping her little feet, and not knowing what to do. A gentleman passes and takes in the situation at a glance. Throwing his cigar aside, he steps up to the lady, seizes her delicately by the waist, plunges into the tide, and lands her safely on the lower steps of her carriage door. Recovering from her astonishment, she turns around and mutters—"Insolent!" The gentleman loses no time, but steps back to the lady, seizes her by the waist, plunges into tide, and lands her where she stood before. He then takes off his hat, bows politely and walks away.

KEEPING THE KING TO HIS WORD. The favorite of a certain Eastern king rebelled and headed a conspiracy to dethrone his master. The conspiracy was put down, and the traitor taken alive, and condemned to be shot to death by arrows, in the court-yard of the royal palace, in the presence of the king. The hour came, the archers were drawn up, and the prisoner was led out to die. After kneeling down to meet his doom, he asked for a drink of water. A goblet was placed in his hand, but he hesitated and looked distrustfully from the levelled arrows of the archers to the face of his royal master. "Fear not, oh, Hamet!" said the king. "Thou shalt not die until thou hast drank that water." Whereupon the face of the culprit lighted up with joy; flinging down the goblet, he cast himself at his royal master's feet, exclaiming, while the sand absorbed the spilled water—"In virtue of thy royal word, oh, king, I claim my life! Lo! I cannot die until I have drank that water which the sands have swallowed; but shall live many years to wipe out my treason in faithful services to my sovereign." And the king raised and embraced his repentant minister, and restored him to life and favor, which he evermore sought most zealously to merit.

THE MICROSCOPE AS A DETECTIVE.—Some years ago, a box, containing a large amount of specie, was forwarded by railroad, in Prussia, to a banking-house at Berlin. On arriving at its destination, the box was found to have been opened, and emptied of its treasure, for which the thief had substituted sand. The police were on the alert, their first aim being to discover at which of the stations the sand had been inserted—no easy matter, considering that the whole line of road ran through a sandy country. Nevertheless some sharp person suggested that the sand of one district might be of a different character to that of another. The hint was acted upon. Samples of sand were procured from all the stations along the line, and Professor Ehrenberg, so famous for his microscopic discoveries, was engaged to make an examination of them. To the naked eye, all the samples presented precisely the same appearance, but, on being submitted to the microscope, they were found to differ very essentially from each other, and only one of them was similar in its constituent parts contained in the box. This gave the police a clue to the station at which the robbery had been committed, and led to the arrest of one of the employes there, who was subsequently tried for the robbery and convicted.

Many a sweetly-fashioned mouth is made hideous by the fiery and untamed tongue within it.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

WHOOPING COUGH.—An eminent authority says: The following is a specific for whooping cough, and will cure in from two days to two weeks: Nitric acid, dil. 12 fl. drachms, comp. tincture of cardamons, 2 fl. drachms, syrup, 2½ fl. ounces water, 4 fl. ounce. Mix. One to two teaspoonfuls every two hours, according to the age of the child.

RED ANTS.—An excellent recipe for the extermination of red ants, is as follows: "Dissolve some camphor in a small quantity of methylic alcohol, precipitate it by addition of water, and project a little of the suspended camphor into their haunts. A very small quantity of carbolic acid used in a similar manner will answer as well, or better—especially if the solution contains glycerine. Tobacco water and powdered borax are said to be effectual.

AUTOMATIC FAN.—An ingenious device of timely interest now that the hot weather is at hand, has been invented, its object being to enable persons to fan themselves without any of the usual muscular exertions. The lowering of the seat-frame of a chair by the weight of the body causes the starting of an arrangement by means of which two fans are set in operation. It runs for twenty-five minutes, and automatically rearranges itself by the person simply rising from the chair.

A NEW STIMULANT.—The *British Medical Journal* gives a long account of a new stimulant, which has lately been described by the papers of Australia. It is called pitcherine by the natives, and is used by them as we use tobacco, both for smoking and chewing. Its effect is that of a pleasant exhilaration; when long continued, intense, and continuous excitement follows. It is used, when on long foot journeys, to invigorate and keep up the strength or excite them to courage in battle; large doses are said to infuriate all the passions.

THUNDER STORMS.—At this season, when thunder storms are so prevalent, the danger of taking shelter under trees cannot be too frequently presented. Eight-tenths of all persons and animals killed by lightning have met their deaths under, or near trees. The oak attracts lightning more than any other tree, its close grain serving to make it an excellent conductor of electricity, and the iron which is contained in the sap having a special affinity for lightning. But all trees attract lightning in a greater or less degree, and are, consequently, not safe as a refuge from the storm. Proprietors of groves who make a business of renting to picknicking parties should be compelled to erect sheds in open spaces for the protection of the guests in case of a storm coming up.

THE MOON.—The discovery in May, 1877, of a dark spot in the moon, where nothing of the kind has ever been seen before, will go far to show that changes of a physical character and of sufficient magnitude to be seen from the earth are now in operation there, and will doubtless open up a line of research by which we may learn something of the nature of the forces at work within the moon, and forms more accurate notions of our satellite than those to which we have been treated of late years, such as a "burnt up cinder," "a dead world," or one reduced to its last stage of existence. It is probable also that the question of its habitability will also be definitely settled.

CHINESE WINE POWDER.—A recent number of the *Journal Officiel* describes an extremely curious method of wine manufacture employed by those odd people, the Chinese, who make a powder or cake of what might be called the concentrated extract of wine. A little of this powder, or a pellet of the cake, dissolved in a glass of water, makes a beverage that is consumed in large quantities in China; and a beverage which, it is said, resembles more or less, as to flavor, the different sorts of wines or spirits. This drink is rather an alcohol than a wine, properly so called; and the powder of which it is composed, is obtained by the pulverization either of oats, barley, or rye; or of the three grains united, with or without the addition of aromatic or medicinal herbs, after having undergone a certain degree of fermentation.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

If you act with a view to praise only, you deserve none.

It is astonishing how keen stupid people are in discovering affronts.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.

Books are embalmed minds. Fame is a flower upon a dead man's heart.

A man who can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

Whoever is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, rich or poor.

The human heart, like a well, if utterly closed in from the world, is sure to generate an air of death.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, for such wisdom is wasted.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

If you are not satisfied with the necessaries of life, see if you can satisfy yourself by repining for luxuries.

All the blows we strike should be for a purpose; every nail driven should be a rivet in the machine of the universe.

The brevity of human life is recognized in the abstract by all men; and yet most of them act as if it would last forever.

A dandy's occupation is to show his clothes, which, if they could but walk, might save him the labor and do the work as well as himself.

We can conceive of nothing so little or ridiculous as pride. It is a mixture of insensibility and ill nature, and it is hard to say which has the largest share.

Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise. He that plants trees loves others than himself. Sudden love is the longest to be cured. Time strengthens friendship and weakens love. Flattery sits in the parlor when plain-dealing is kicked out of doors. The most ignorant in all parties, sects and factions are always the most violent. We must not judge of the generality of the opinion by the noise of the acclamation.

From the time of the first attempt upon Emperor William's life up to date, there have been 367 persons condemned in Germany for insults to the sovereign, and their sentences aggregate 600 years of imprisonment.

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The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1878.

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NEWS OF INTEREST.
MISCELLANY.

WE are glad to note that there is a better and purer quality of reading matter, for young and old, in vogue at present, and that we are approaching the "golden age" of literature.

THE body of a young Greek girl at Constantinople was interred in the Greek cemetery, dressed in rich silks and satins, with all her jewels, which were of great value. A few months afterward the body was exhumed for deposit in a family vault, which had been purchased, and was found entirely stripped of both clothes and jewels. The police discovered the thieves, the principal of whom was the Greek Bishop who had officiated at the funeral. The Patriarch degraded him from his bishopric, but last year he was reinstated and obtained a diocese.

THE South is a favored land. The tramps are not encouraged. The negroes, who have an aristocratic sway in almost every kitchen, do not take to them. The South does not afford the same advantages for plunder and free-living to be found in the North. It is expected that the cotton crops this year will be larger than the natives can pick, and the suggestion was made that tramps be secured to help to get the crop all in. The prevailing public sentiment is that it will be more profitable that the extra cotton go to waste than to introduce the tramps into the country.

LORD BEACONSFIELD, when departing from Berlin, left $250 to be distributed among the servants of the Kaiserhof, the hotel where he stopped. This hotel reaped quite a harvest from the Congress. The staff of the English Embassy, who inhabited nearly all the front rooms on the first floor, had to pay altogether about $10,000, or about $250 per day. Including the officials and servants attached to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, numbering about 50, 63 rooms had to be taken by the British delegation at the Kaiserhof. The Premier, occupying some really magnificent apartments, was charged $7,000. His lordship, whose table was always furnished with the delicacies of the season, was very well satisfied with the catering of the manager, whom he specially thanked on leaving the hotel.

EFFECT is the primary merit of a picture. If a painting produces the proper effect, it is a good painting. After we have studied from a distance in order to judge of this effectiveness, which is due to a proper balancing of the lights and shadows, and a general harmonizing of the colors, we look more particularly to details, approach it and study it from a nearer point of view. Now the companion oleographs which the POST offers to every subscriber at the low rate of three dollars per annum for the paper and the two superb pictures, are not only effective, but they bear examination as to the details of foreground, &c., and they are pronounced to be exquisite copies of Moran's fine paintings of the scenery of the Yellowstone and the White Mountains. The POST offers a fine opportunity for lovers of art to secure real reproductions of masterpieces at a very nominal rate.

THERE are moral truths more universal than any scientific truths, and it is owing to the fact that these truths have so imperfectly passed from abstractions into conduct, that civilization is yet so imperfect and the achievements of the intellect still so limited. Out of the breast and not out of the head are the issues of life, and how a mere knowledge of the "laws of phenomena" can regenerate men from selfishness, ferocity and malignity, can purify and invigorate the will, can even of itself stimulate the intellect to a further investigation of these laws, has not yet been shown. Men and nations move in virtue of their passionate moral and spiritual forces, and these determine the character of their intellectual development and expression. A nation which knew all the laws of phenomena, but which was utterly lacking in moral force, would not only not be civilized but would hardly be alive.

FIFTY-SEVEN YEARS.

On the 4th instant the SATURDAY EVENING POST reached the venerable age of fifty-seven years. There are few papers which have kept their age so well as the POST. It has become a household word and a household delight in many families, and its advent from week to week has been looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure.

On the 4th day of August, 1821, this paper began its existence, and it was projected on such a popular principle that it at once became a favorite with the great reading public. It has steadily improved from year to year, and now it stands as one of the best and most readable literary weeklies in the country. It is interesting to look over the back numbers of the paper since its inception and observe the difference in style and tone between the paper of to-day, with its varied matter, its carefully edited departments, and its high tone, with the early sheets of the POST—which contained very little original matter and was dependant chiefly on extracts from foreign journals. To-day the POST is in the full height of its glory and its success, and has a promise of many good years in the future. It owes its prosperity, of course, to the faith, patronage and encouragement of its many readers and subscribers, and the proprietors have to thank them for the hearty support they have given to it, and to assure them that there will be nothing left undone which ought to be done to make the paper a triumphant success.

THE LOVER.

It was Robert Burns who considered that love was only friendship in a more exalted degree; and such is undoubtedly the fact, when the veritable, honest sentiment exists in place of the glittering selfishness which so often passes current under the name of the tender passion, and deceives the most wary.

"Love will find its way
Thro' paths where wolves would fear to prey,"

as Byron says.

It is in vain that we select certain characteristics and attributes as representative of the lover for the sentiment is modified or idealized by the nature of the individual, and how shall we predict the symptoms our neighbor should exhibit, when that Nature is an unexplored region of which no complete survey has ever been made.

After all it is well to encourage the lover, for the lover with a true heart, despite the clouds which may follow matrimony, will always remain the true and the earnest lover.

"To say he lov'd,
Was to affirm what oft his eye avouched,
What many an action testified; and yet,
What wanted confirmation of his tongue."

But as Shakespeare says:

"They do not love who do not show their love."

We must hope that our lover is always displaying the insignia, the signal, by which the beloved one interpets all, showing his love, and that the lover and his mate are made happy for evermore.

SANCTUM CHAT.

No quarrels, perhaps, are so bitter as those about matters of taste. A man will more easily forgive another for disbelieving his own total depravity than for believing that Guido is a great painter, or Tupper an inspiring poet.

—

IT is Oliver Wendell Holmes who says: "Bread and the newspapers. This is the new version of the *panem et circenses* of the Roman populace. They must have something to eat, and the circus shows to look at. We must have something to eat and the papers to read."

—

EVERYTHING which gets into circulation is a thought, be it a discovery in science, a mechanical invention, the statement of a national law, comparative statistics, rules of economy, diplomatic circulars, and fine magazine writing. It is the manœuvering of the different arms in the great service of humanity, solid or dashing on a field already gained.

—

AN ingenious Englishman who deplores the neglected education of the clergy in the matter of impressive reading, recently wrote to Mr. Irving, the actor, suggesting that he should give recitals from the Scriptures. The proposition was rather startling, and the actor modestly declined to attempt the instruction of persons who have not yet acquired the art of reading holy writ with expression.

—

EVERY man wants friends, employment, knowledge, house and land, wife and children, honor and fame; he has religious wants, æsthetic wants, domestic, civil, humane wants. One by one, day after day, he learns to coin his wishes into facts. He has his calling, homestead, social connections and personal power, and thus, at the end of fifty years, his soul is appeased by seeing some sort of correspondence between his wish and his possession. This makes the value of age.

—

THE Germans sometimes call Beethoven "The Thunderer." Jove is the type of just that kind of majesty against which Beethoven's whole humanity and genius were a protest. Prometheus, the heaven-storming Titan were a fitter emblem. Still in the best sense he is Olympian. There is a fine truth, too, in the glorious, uplifting sense his music gives us, in the idea of being borne aloft by Jove's strong eagle. The same image has occurred to us while listening to one of his divine and dulcet symphonies.

—

THE winner of the first medal in the salon, M. Fermei, has executed a very strong work, "The Miracle of St. Agnes." The legend tells how the faithful patrician lady, by order of her jailers, was conveyed to a house of ill-repute; how she prayed to Heaven for aid, and at the moment that a brutal soldier had laid violent hands upon her, a miraculous flash of lightning struck all the inmates of the house with blindness. M. Fermei has made the interposition of Providence a visible one in the shape of two angels, whose downward flight is very finely rendered, as is also the child-like, nude form of the young girl-saint. The grouping of the terrified and stricken inhabitants of the place is very fine.

—

A CERTAIN actor, playing the part of an American sailor, had to rescue a fair captive from the clutches of certain ruffians. Unfortunately he had contrived to mortally offend the four supers who took the part of the ruffians, and when he rushed to the lady's aid with "Come on, ye villains! One Yankee tar is more than a match for four lubberly sharks!" instead of leading off with a broadsword fight, the pirate captain shouted: "I guess not!" and seizing the American sailor by the legs and arms, the pirates carried him off the stage, deposited him in the property closet, and then, returning, bore off the damsel to their rocky retreat, leaving the curtain to come down before a very much puzzled audience.

—

THE fear which attaches to the eating of oysters in the summer, is unknown to those who live upon the water, many persons eating them the whole year round. They are very poor in quality, however, and certainly unwholesome after the liquor becomes "milky," which is in early summer; this milky hue being due to millions of microscopic young, which are ejected all through the warm weather. These minute and shelless young mollusks become fixed after a brief period of roaming through the waters, and having at this early period sown all their wild oats, settle down to the business of preparing themselves for lemon juice and pepper, which they accomplish satisfactorily in three years, if not eaten by the drum-fish and sheepshead in their tender state.

—

THOSE who desire the encouragement of classic art sometimes assume that it is folly for the artist to try to maintain a direct relation to the general public, which cannot appreciate fine art, and that he should model or paint only for those whose culture and taste fit them to be connoisseurs. Here a direct issue may be stated; for the realists, who also claim the best culture believe that it is vain to model or paint for anybody else but the people. They say that if art is but the language of the learned, or the toy of the rich, it may as well die utterly, having become a useless luxury. History sustains this position. No really great art has existed which did not in some degree reflect the inner life of the people; and no art can help us in America unless it is based upon the sympathy and criticism of the public.

—

AN eminent professor takes the view that a club is formed for mutual improvement. The narrowing tendency of professional pursuits in these modern times of division of intellectual labor and eager struggle for life, renders the formation of such associations very necessary. The idea of a life culture is, first, a general culture of all the faculties, a preparation for general efficiency without reference to any special pursuit—to the period of full humanity; then a concentration of the thus strengthened and disciplined powers upon special professional studies, but still in connection with the scheme of liberal culture or university, by which the professional culture shall be impregnated with the lofty spirit of liberal learning, and, lastly, when active professional life commences with its necessary narrowing effects, the formation of clubs, by which individuals are brought into contact with the best thought in every department.

—

LITERATURE in France is one of the liberal professions, and it should be so here. In that country literary men are an important and honorable order. The press teems with work of real value and great cost. The many hundred French dramatists supply the theatres of the world with plays so excellent that not even the adaptation can wholly conceal their merit. Novels, histories, essays and treatises, important contributions to science, illustrated works of the highest excellence, compilations of the first utility, marvellous dictionaries, and statistical works appear with a frequency which nothing but a universal market could sustain. French literature follows the general law that, as the volume of business increases, the quality of the work also improves.

—

AMONG the splendid art works of the Paris Exposition are the tapestries. The cathedrals of Toledo and Madrid send sixteen specimens. The majority are about twenty feet long, the figures life size, the borders and composition being in excellent preservation. The subjects are mostly allegorical, or from the Apocalypse; a few are from the life of Jesus. Perhaps the most splendid are those that show the triumphs of religion. Noble processions of the heroes and heroines of antiquity, and Christian saints march in stately ranks. Love, bound, kneels on the car; winged figures float above, or take again the groups of kings and virgins beside the River of Life, or the tournament, with women riding on strange beasts, each representative of some virtue or vice, the names printed on their robes. In one is a representation of the Last Judgment; near it a story of Greek romance, in the costume of the fifteenth century. No more delightful picture gallery can be imagined; the treatment is throughout poetical; the colors most lovely and harmonious, and there are passages of invention and design which are not excelled in the finest existing frescoes or oil paintings of the period.

NOTHING NEW.

"There is no new thing under the sun," says an old proverb: and nothing so powerfully argues in favor of the truth of the statement as a little pamphlet written by the eccentric but clever Marquis of Worcester, and printed in London, England, by J. Grismond, in 1663. It is entitled "A Century of the Names and Scantlings of such Inventions as at present I can call to mind to have tried and perfected, which, my former Notes being lost, I have, at the instance of a powerful friend, endeavoured now, in the year 1655, to set these down in such a way as may sufficiently instruct me to put any of them in Practice."

When he begins to catalogue his discoveries, however, the reader feels bound to confess that though the noble peer may have set down his notes in such a way as might sufficiently instruct him to put any of them in practice, he scarcely amplified them sufficiently to instruct other people. Doubtless he was intentionally vague in the specifications or explanations of his inventions, for when he wrote he still cherished a hope that he would reap some substantial fruits from his ingenuity; but in spite of his vagueness he wrote enough to show that many things even now regarded as new, had been roughly thought out by his fertile brain.

The specification first on the list is decidedly mysterious. It is entitled "Seals abundantly significant," and professes to describe an invention whereby accounts may be kept mechanically, and a letter, "though written but in English, may be read and understood in sight several languages, and in English itself to a clean contrary and different sense, unknown to any but the correspondent, and not to be read or understood by him neither, if opened before it arrive unto him." Presumably this ambiguous statement refers to an instrument for writing accounts and letters in cipher, for the four specifications that follow treat of that hackneyed subject, and one of them of a system of shorthand which seems to be not without a modern representative.

Next comes a plan for telegraphing by means of colored flags and lights; and then "A way how to level and shoot cannon by night as well as by day, and as directly." The ninth specification is terribly pertinent to the frightful explosion of the Thomasson infernal machine, which happened at Bremen in December, 1876. It speaks of "An engine, portable in one's pocket, which may be carried and fastened on the inside of the greatest ship, and at any appointed minute, though a week after, either of day or night, it shall irrevocably sink that ship." The note immediately following suggests torpedoes, and relates to a plan for diving and fastening a similar engine to a vessel.

Specification number twelve is suggestive of water-tight compartments, for it alludes to "A way to make a ship not possible to be sunk, though shot an hundred times between wind and water by cannon."

Number fifteen palpably suggests the application of some motive power very like steam to boats. The Marquis speaks of "A way how to make a boat work itself against wind and tide, yea, both without the help of man or beast; yet so that the wind or tide, though directly opposite, shall force the ship or boat against itself."

A very common table ornament of the present day is hinted at in number eighteen, which speaks of "An artificial fountain to be turned like an hourglass by a child in the twinkling of an eye." And number nineteen plainly suggests the carriage brake as now applied by every coachbuilder. The two succeeding notices relate to the use of water as a motive power. And number twenty-three tells of a water clock intended not only to show the time, but also the motions of the heavenly bodies. Number twenty-four is a plan for discharging bullets by means of a silent spring, "admirable for fireworks and astonishing of besieged cities."

Then follows a dark hint for the employment of pontoons in the formation of military bridges over broad rivers; and another specification, number thirty, speaks of a system for enabling four pieces of cannon to discharge two hundred bullets each hour—a thing which, under the old system of loading by manual power at the muzzle, would have been quite impossible. This is followed by a number of different plans for writing in cipher, and for communicating by means of various objects, such as knotted strings, fringes, bracelets, gloves, etc., and by the smell, taste and touch. Number forty-four is a way "To make a key of a chamber door which to your sight hath its wards and pipe but paper-thick, but yet at pleasure in a minute of an hour, shall become a perfect pistol, capable to shoot through a breast-plate commonly of carbine proof, with powder, prime and firelock, undiscoverably in a stranger's hand." Such a diabolical machine in the possession of one of the many unscrupulous gentlemen of the period, would indeed have been a murderous weapon if used freely in the dimly-lighted streets of London. Scarcely less unpleasant must have been the Venetian instrument for noiselessly discharging a poisoned needle at an unsuspecting enemy.

Next come specifications headed "A most conceited tinder box," "An artificial bird," and "An hour water-bell," the last of which speaks of a ball of any metal, which, thrown into a pail or pool of water, shall presently rise from the bottom, and constantly show, by the superficies of the water, the hour of the day or night, never rising more out of the water than just to the minute it shows of each quarter of an hour; and if by force kept under water, yet the time is not lost, but recovered as soon as it is permitted to rise to the superficies of the water.

Number forty-eight is a description of an improved staircase, and number forty-nine of a portable engine, in way of a tobacco tongs, whereby a man may get over a wall, or, having come down, may get up again, finding the coast proving insecure to him. Then there is a pocket ladder, a rule of gradation useful for cipher writing, and a mystical jangling of bells for the conveyance of private intelligence.

Specification number fifty-eight suggests the modern revolver, for it tells of a method whereby a pistol may be made to discharge a dozen times with one loading, and without as much as one new priming requisite, or to change it out of one hand into the other, or stop one's horse. And the next notices are for the application of similar systems to carbines, muskets, arquebusses, and crooks or ship muskets, and of a different method for sakers. In these ideas we may recognize indeed the first principles of the revolver, but also of the Winchester rifle and of the mitrailleuse in its various forms. Warfare has recently been revolutionized by inventions of this kind; and the conditions of naval warfare especially are now likely to be altered by the arrangement which places the whole broadside of a vessel under the control of one man. For this latter improvement we may find the idea in the Marquis's plan, by which "one man in the cabin may govern the whole side of ship muskets, to the number, if need require, of two or three thousand shots."

Two paragraphs further on comes the short specification, "How to make a man to fly; which I have tried with a little boy of ten years old in a barn, from one end to the other, on a hay mow." The three succeeding notices are of a continually-going watch, a total locking of cabinet boxes, and light pistol barrels; and the headings serve to demonstrate at least the versatility of the author. Next come two methods for carrying secret correspondence without observation, an idea for the economization of labor in reaping harisborn, and the specification of a calculating machine. These are followed by notices of two barbarous engines, called an "unmotionsome pear," and an "imprisoning chair," of a candle-moulding machine, and of a talkative artificial head, the operation of which we take the liberty of smiling at. The Marquis states that his invention would answer in French, Latin, Welsh, Irish or English, any question put to it, and then shut its mouth until the next question was asked.

The noble lord seems at this period to have been suffering from an attack of moral depravity; for the incredible notice of the brazen head is followed by two specifications of methods for cheating at cards and dice respectively; and a little lower down we come upon a little engine, portable in one's pocket, which placed to any door, without any noise but one crack, opens any door or gate. Number ninety-three is the specification of an engine for raising sunken ships; and at the end of the long catalogue are some mysterious notices of a machine which the Marquis modestly calls a semi-omnipotent engine, and of two other machines which conjointly seem to hint at some knowledge of hydraulic power of which the discoverer was particularly proud. "I deem this invention," he says, "to crown my labors, to reward my expenses, and make my thoughts acquiesce in way of further inventions;" and he concludes by hinting at leaving to posterity a book wherein his inventions, "with the shape and form of all things belonging to them, should be printed by brass plates." And so we will take leave of the inventive nobleman.

Some Animal Enemies of Man.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the domain of human existence is singularly liable to be intruded upon by lower forms of both animal and plant life, which may in some cases inflict injury of great extent upon man's possessions or even upon his bodily frame. Not so long ago the potato bug, a member of the beetle family, threatened the interests of agriculturists, and caused consternation to prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land. And though the alarm with which the advent of the insect intruder was hailed has now partially disappeared, agriculturists would inform us that their especial territory is beset with other insect enemies, which invariably damage their crops, and which in certain seasons cause the disastrous failure of many a thriving field.

Nor do our insect foes confine their ravages to growing crops. When the fruits of the harvest have been duly gathered in, and stored within the granary, even there they are attacked by minute pests. Numberless insects—flies, beetles, and other forms—select the granary as a nursery or suitable place for the upbringing of their young; the larvæ or young insects feeding upon the grain and destroying large quantities by their increase as well as by their own very destructive habits.

Apart from the domain of agriculture, however, lower forms of animal and plant life powerfully affect man's estate. The growth and increase of lower plants produce many skin diseases, and if it be true—already rendered probable—that epidemics are propagated through the agency of living germs, which increase after the fashion of the lower forms of life, then it may be held that we are liable to be attacked on every side by enemies insignificant as to size, but of incalculable power when their numbers are taken into consideration. Parasites of various sorts ravage man's flocks and even seriously affect his own health, so that it is perfectly clear that we do not by any means enjoy any immunity whatever from the enemies which living nature in its prolific abundance produces, and which select man and man's belongings as their lawful spoil.

Some of the most powerful marauders upon man's territory belong to the shellfish, and present themselves as near relations of the oysters, mussels and their many allies. Among these may be ranked the famous shipworm, the *Teredo* of the naturalist. This animal was first styled the shipworm by Linnæus and his contemporaries; and in truth it resembles a worm much more closely than its shellfish neighbors. As a worm, indeed, it was at first classified by naturalists. The importance of the shipworm arises from the use it makes of its apparently insignificant shells as a boring apparatus; and any seaside visitor, residing on a coast where an ocean swell or severe storms strew the shore with driftwood, has but to use his eyes to assure himself of the extent and perfection of the shipworm's labors. Pieces of driftwood may be seen to be literally riddled by these molluscs, which live in the burrows they thus excavate. Each habitation is further seen to be coated by a limy layer formed by the tubular body, and the boring for the most part is noted to proceed in the direction of the grain of the wood. The little excavator turns aside in its course, however, when it meets with a knot in the wood, and an iron nail appears of all things to be the shipworm's greatest obstacle—a fact which has been taken advantage of to arrest its work of destruction.

Linnæus long ago designated the shipworm as the curse of vessels, and although perhaps the expression as applied to ships is somewhat far-fetched, save in the case of broken down hulks, and utterly inapplicable in this age of iron, there can be little doubt that regarded relatively to wooden piles, piers and like erections, the shipworm is unquestionably a calamity personified. So, at any rate, thought the Dutch in the years 1731-2, when the teredo began to pay attentions of too exclusive a character to the wooden piles that support the great earthworks or dykes which keep the sea from overflowing Holland. A Dutchman has been well said to pay great attention to two things which are euphoniously and shortly expressed by the two words dams and drams. The former keep the sea from invading his territory, and the latter aid in protecting him personally from the effects of the perennial damp amidst which he exists. The shipworm in the years just mentioned caused terror to prevail through the length and breadth of the Netherlands, by its appearance in large numbers in the wooden piles of the dams or dykes. On these piles the fortunes of Holland may be said to depend. The alarm spread fast through the Netherlands, and the government was not slow to appreciate the danger and to offer a reward of large amount for the discovery of any plan that would successfully stay the progress of such dread invaders.

Among the inventions offered, however, the only project which appeared to savor of feasibility was one which was rejected on account of its impracticable nature—namely, that of picking the teredos from their burrows like whelks from their shells. But after a period of unrestricted labor the shipworm turned from the Netherlands and disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared, leaving only a few stragglers to mark the vantage ground.

The ravages of this worm on the timber of our piers and dockyards cost us a large sum annually. The stoutest oak is riddled with the same ease displayed in perforating the softer pine; and in some of our seaport towns the yearly estimates for repairs of damage done by the shipworm form no inconsiderable item in the government or local expenditure, as the case may be. The most effectual plan for the repression of the teredo and the prevention of its work of destruction, seems to be that of protecting the exposed timber by driving therein short nails with very broad heads. These nails form a kind of armor casing, which is rendered more effective by the chemical action of the water in producing rust.

Some molluscs, near neighbors of the teredo, and which burrow for the most part into stone, but occasionally perforate wood, are those celebrated by Pliny of old as phosphorescent animals. They have somewhat elongated shells, by means of which they burrow in rocks and lie ensconced in their dwelling-places. These molluscs have ere now caused fears for the safety of various breakwaters, through the persistence with which they excavated their burrows into the substance of the stones.

A final example of an animal enemy of man, which as regards size is to be deemed insignificant when compared to the teredo, but which nevertheless adds by its destructive work to our annual expenditure, is the little crustacean known as the boring shrimp or wood louse, found under stones and in damp situations, and by means of its powerful jaws burrowing deeply into wood of all kinds. Occasionally the shipworm and wood louse have been found at work in the same locality, and have committed ravages of great extent.

The consideration of a subject such as the present, it may lastly be remarked, possesses a phase not entirely without some degree of consolation. The repression of animal life by parasites may in one sense prove a gain to nature at large. But if the ravages of the teredo and its neighbors on the works of man are to be considered as a veritable affliction, we must not fail to think also of the service these animals render in clearing the ocean of vast masses of driftwood, which, liberated from the mouths of all the great rivers of the world, would speedily accumulate to check navigation and impede commerce in many quarters of the world. The genius of the great English engineer Brunel, which discerned in the manner of the shipworm's burrowing the true method of excavating the tunnel associated with his name, and which thus improved engineering science by a happy thought and observation, may also be regarded as bearing testimony to the consoling fact that there are but few evils existing which are entirely unmixed with good.

Birds of Omen.

Among the various superstitions relating to the animal creation, our feathered friends play an important part, and it may not be uninteresting to retail some of the principal traditions and popular beliefs concerning them.

We will begin with the raven, who takes the place of the eagle in northern mythology. He was sacred to Wodan, and was believed to be his especial companion. Wodan had two ravens, named Huginn and Muninn, who reported to him all the news of the world; and, furthermore, announced to heroes their approaching death. Thence arises the universal belief that the croaking of a raven portends death. In the Middle Ages, evil spirits were supposed to assume the form of ravens, for when Christianity transformed Wodan into the devil, his winged messengers also became uncanny. Sometimes the sight of a raven brings ill fortune, and sometimes it betokens good; but whoever finds a feather will have luck.

In Swabia, a flight of ravens foretells war, and in the Tyrol people say that when the ravens fly around some particular pasture, and suddenly dart to the ground, a cow will die within three days. The Tyrolese peasantry declare that the ravens are so clever that they scent the powder in the gun, and that is the reason it is so difficult to shoot them. According to a Tyrol legend, the ravens and crows once had snow-white plumage and were beautiful birds, very proud of their looks. They were especially fond of frequenting the neighborhood of streams, and bathed a great deal. One day they were thus engaged, when the Holy Child drew near to quench His burning thirst, but the ravens plashing in the water made it quite thick and muddy. Then the Holy Boy said: "Because ye are so ungrateful and vain of your dazzling white plumage, ye shall hence-forth have naught but black feathers to the end of the world."

In the Lech Valley there is a belief that the ravens never drink during the month of June, because in that month they fed the prophet Elijah. In North Germany, Swabia and Tyrol, a superstition prevails that if the eggs are taken from a raven's nest, boiled and replaced, the old raven will bring a root or stone to the nest, fetching it from the sea. This raven stone is very valuable, for it confers great good fortune on its owner, and has likewise the power of rendering him invisible when worn on the arm. The stone is found in the nests of magpies as well as ravens, and as it makes the nest itself invisible it must be sought with the aid of a mirror.

The magpie shares the raven's reputation for sorcery in many places, and he is also supposed to bring bad luck. Silesia is the only exception, for there people think that the chattering of a magpie foretells the arrival of esteemed visitors. In Tyrol, on the contrary, its screaming denotes pestilence. Whenever a magpie screams outside a house in West Prussia or Hesse, it is regarded as a sure token of strife within that same day. A magpie, boiled down in soup, makes him who eats it lose his senses.

In the Lech Valley a curious notion exists that when nine magpies are seen together, one of them is sure to be a witch. It is unlucky to shoot a magpie in Prussia, and in the Wetteren the same theory is held respecting the water wagtails, who are much given to frequenting the neighborhood of cows, "because they were formerly cows themselves."

Popular tradition states that magpies were originally white birds, and that they owe their black feathers to some enchantment. But the time will come when they will cast off the spell and resume once more their snowy dress, and then happy days will dawn on the earth.

The cuckoo is universally regarded as a soothsayer. It is believed that he foretells the number of years a person will live, according to his cries of "cuckoo." Swedish maidens inquire of him how long they will remain unmarried, but if he responds more than ten times, they say that he is sitting on a bewitched bough, and no longer heed his prophecies. It is very important to note the direction whence his call is first heard, for if it be the north, his auditor will have woe and mourning in the course of the year; the east and the west signify happiness; and the south prosperity.

A German legend relates that the cuckoo is an enchanted baker or miller, which accounts for the dusty hue of his coat. When times were hard, he stole the dough belonging to poor folks; and when the dough rose in the oven he took it out and seized off a piece, exclaiming, "Gukuk!"—"Oh, look!" God punished him for his theft by transforming him into a bird of prey, incessantly repeating this cry. In Servia the cuckoo is believed to be a maiden, who mourned the death of her brother until she was changed into this bird. The Russians have a similar legend.

In olden times, the first day on which the call of the prophetic bird was heard was kept as a festival in Westphalia. Whoever fetched the joyful intelligence was rewarded with an egg, which he at once proceeded to fry and eat. He then greeted all he met with the words, "The cuckoo has called!" Instead of bidding them good day. At Hilchenbach, in Westphalia, the fortunate person rolled on the grass, and this prevented backache for a year.

At Pill, in Tyrol, there is a strange theory that the cuckoo is hatched by robin redbreasts, and begins by being a cuckoo for the first twelvemonth; then he becomes a hawk, during which period he devours his foster-brothers; and finally, the third year a sparrow-hawk.

The influence of men is not to be confined to the circle of their acquaintance. It spreads on every side of them, like undulations of smitten water, and will reach those whom they never saw.

THE GREAT DOCTOR.

BY P. HENRY DOYLE.

The story's told by one who seems to know
That Physic's world a few short years ago
Was wildly shaken from the top to base
By what's since proved a "celebrated case."
'Twas said that ev'ry doctor in the rounds
Of Madrid's city to its farthest bounds,
Was plagued at night to see beside his bed
The ghosts of those he'd sent unto the dead.
And as it happe'd, the spectres through the day
So thronged each office and so blocked the way
That fleshly suff'rers, with their thousand ills,
Could get no audience from the men of pills,
Or were so scared by goblin, or by spook,
They feared Sangrado's further skill to brook.

But still, amid the rather cloudy scope
There gleamed at least a single ray of hope
To cheer the moping, and to ease the grief
Of those who sought assistance and relief.
The rumor ran that in a certain square
A youthful doctor lived who'd shown such care,
That while the rest were haunted by the ghosts
Of those poor souls they'd graveward sent in hosts,
One sprite alone attended him to tell
The world that what he'd done was not done well.

This known, of course, the sick and ailing sought
His better aid, by such a vision taught,
For if one spirit was his sole reproach
When crowds forbid the others to approach,
'Twere plain he were the safer man. But ere
The anxious patients at his door appear,
The tale goes forth, with every sign of truth,
That since the days of his first callow youth,
The single ghost that followed him so sad
Was the only patient he had ever had!

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

THE STRUGGLES OF DESPAIRING NELL.

Among the occurrences during the remarkable interview which succeeded the reconciliation of Nell and Mrs. Jeek, was a mutual confession. The lawyer's wife, though she had bitterly resented the insinuation of a lack of confidence between her husband and herself, now talked freely of the causes which had made her unhappy. For this, the younger woman gave her sympathy, and her own confession, with tears in plenty. It was a relief to both when they had freely opened their hearts, for all they told of themselves was truthful—as if they had been sworn to it. But did they tell all the truth? Why, no; they were not sworn to that—no woman ever is. The confidence did them good, as far as it went, however.

Nevertheless, when it came to information of practical value to Nell in her search, Mrs. Jeek could give little. She had not been allowed to know where the child was. (She did not tell that she was the one who, by her husband's orders, offered it to Hombert if he would desert his wife.) But she knew that something unusual had occurred, and that her husband had left town that morning on this business.

When two women get their heads close together, absence of facts is not likely to hinder them seriously in reaching conclusions of some sort. This was the result in the present instance:

It was agreed that Jeek had gone to Millfield—he always went there when this business occupied him. There was another train at noon. Nell would take that, trusting to finding more chances there than at Port Sangus. Mrs. Jeek would accompany her, for the warmth of their friendship was in proportion to the suddenness of its inception.

On the train, the women continued their confidences. But at a small station a few miles from Millfield, they got some unexpected information.

An acquaintance of Mrs. Jeek came on the train, and among the first news she communicated was the fact that Jeek had left the train there that morning, and had hired a team to take him off into the country.

There is advantage sometimes in a brisk tongue. This woman had told her news before the train was ready to resume its journey.

"I shall get off here!" Nell exclaimed excitedly when she heard the glib-tongued woman's news. "I can track him! I must find him!"

Mrs. Jeek was thus brought to consider what she had not before thought of—namely, the consequences of Nell encountering Jeek in the temper he displayed when he left home.

"No, no! Don't! You do not know him! Indeed, I would not dare!" exclaimed the lawyer's wife in lively alarm—tracking and finding the man in the woods was very different from seeking him in a town.

"I will!" Nell cried desperately, as she moved to the door of the car to alight—"he shall give her up, or kill me!"

Napoleon said that a man who is a hero one day, may be quite the opposite at another time. Certainly Mrs. Jeek had not habitually shown much relish for braving her husband's displeasure. Possibly this was her heroic day. At all events, she now sprang from her seat to accompany Nell, exclaiming:

"Then I will go with you! Let him do what he can!"

The two women alighted, and had no difficulty in learning the direction taken by the lawyer when he left the little station. They procured a conveyance, and followed.

Something withiff told Nell that she was hot upon the track of her child. Her nerves seemed to be at their utmost tension; her fatigue and exhaustion were forgotten. She soon became too excited to talk—a woman is in dead earnest then—and they rode on almost silently.

A few miles out, they met the man who had been hired by Jeek in the morning. He was returning alone. Nell found her tongue suddenly, and plied him with questions. He could only tell that some miles further out he had set his passenger down at a settler's, where they got dinner. He was not to bring Jeek back.

In due time they reached the settler's, and found that the lawyer had gone away, on foot, almost as soon as he had finished his dinner. He had struck off through the woods.

Nell heard this, and instantly rose to leave the place.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Jeek asked in surprise.

"To find him!"

"Why, you can't, child! In the woods! You can't take the carriage! You are wild!"

"I shall die if I do not!" exclaimed Nell.

Mrs. Jeek no longer feared meeting her husband, for who could find him in the woods? It was mere madness.

She tried, as kindly as she could, to dissuade Nell from the attempt, but in vain. Then Mrs. Jeek hastily arranged for the care of their horse until their return—they had had no driver—and followed the despairing woman, crazy with her trouble, whom she could not abandon.

As for Nell, at no time had she been so wildly earnest and impatient as now, when she was starting off into the pathless forest with nothing whatever to guide her.

The afternoon was wearing away, when they came upon a lonely settler's cabin. Nell stopped to make inquiries.

"Have you seen any one pass this afternoon?" she asked of the settler's wife.

"Yes; I see——"

"A man? A tall man—with a beard?" interrupted Nell, all impatience.

"No," replied the woman, wondering at her questioner's vehemence. "No; an old man. He had a young un with him. A perty little thing it was, with black eyes and long curls; but looked awful tired, and——"

She was running on glibly—it was not often that she had a chance to talk to anything but the swaying forest trees—when Nell, with a sharp cry, stopped her:

"Where are they? Which way did they go? Quick, quick! Tell me!"

"Why, he went off East," the woman answered, amazed. "He asked the way to Hoover's, on the river below."

"How far is that?"

"It's a good six mile from here."

"Give me the direction!"

"Well, I don't know any, 'cept to follow the section line straight east."

All this pathless wilderness had been surveyed, and township and section lines marked on blazed trees in a way understood by woodsmen. Nell's training had made her familiar with these marks, which an uninitiated person would scarcely see, much less understand.

Mrs. Jeek was thoroughly alarmed at the prospect of further journeying.

"My dear Mrs. Hombert," she said coaxingly, "surely you won't think of going on now. It is almost night, and a storm is coming, I'm sure. Let's stay here to-night, and we'll go on in the morning."

"I must go," Nell answered, scarcely hearing half of what the other said.

"You must not! You shall not!" exclaimed the lawyer's wife in desperation. Then she turned to the settler's wife and implored: "Help me to make her stay! She will be lost and die in the woods!"

"It looks like a storm, sure enough. Snow, I guess," the settler's wife said.

Mrs. Jeek laid her hand on Nell's arm. It was shaken off in an instant, and Nell darted from the cabin with the speed of a deer, and was gone.

The other women rushed out after her, but she was already out of reach, and running through the woods at a pace that defied pursuit. They did not attempt that.

CHAPTER XVI.

A WOMAN AS RELENTLESS AS DEATH.

According to agreement, Leela was ready, on the morning after her unexpected arrest in Millfield, to guide a party to the hiding-place of little Elsie. The party was composed of Hombert, the constable Casey, and a stout fellow recommended by the old lawyer.

Hombert insisted upon making this attempt in person—he would delegate these duties no more. The constable was taken, not because there were any legal papers to be served, but because the presence of official authority might be useful with Leela. The stout fellow was to go because he could be relied upon to do whatever the old lawyer bid him, and he was now bidden to see that Hombert got his child in spite of any opposition, if she could be found.

It was deemed best to take the constable Casey, and to confide the warrant for Jeek to two others.

Finally, there was to be no legal nonsense, as at the time of Hombert's former attempt. If they could get sight of the child, it was to be seized and held at any hazard. Then let the other party resort to writs and legal quackery as much as pleased them. This was the old lawyer's advice, based upon knowledge of his trade.

The party went afoot; most of the route was such as to prevent the use of wheeled vehicles, and some parts of it were impracticable for horsemen even. It was a march of two hours.

When they came in sight of her hiding-place, Leela betrayed unmistakable uneasiness. Her quick eye had detected something about the appearance of the place that gave her alarm. She dashed ahead impatiently, and entered the shanty.

Before the others reached the place, she came out almost white with rage.

"It's been stolen!" she cried, fairly gnashing her teeth, and stamping in fury. "It's stolen! The old thief! The gray-headed villain!"

And so on with a score of choice descriptive phrases.

All this was like an unknown tongue to Hombert and the others, for Leela had told them nothing about leaving Gardnill in charge of the child. By degrees this fact came out in the woman's ravings. Hombert was nearly crazed by the shock of the disappointment. He could not guess the object of the old man in coming there, nor imagine why he should take the child out of Leela's hands.

The half breed's opinion, as they gathered it in fragments from her wild ejaculations, was that the old man had acted at the bidding of Jeek. Hombert could not believe that the lawyer had been warned of the present movement. Yet it was impossible to otherwise account for the disappearance. No one could suspect Leela of trickery; her rage was such as she could not have simulated.

While they yet stood there bewildered, Leela's half-grown Indian girl made her appearance. She had been skulking until the disposition of the party, and their relations to Leela, could be made out.

The woman seized this girl and questioned her in Indian gibberish. What the girl knew was that the old man had been very restless all the day before, and that morning sent her to a stream a quarter of a mile away, for water. When she returned, the old man and the child were gone. She discovered that he had gone eastward.

But there had been another visitor. The girl had seen this one before. It was Jeek! He came some time after the old man's disappearance, about which he raved so that the girl was frightened. (Leela said this raving was to put her off the track; she held to her belief that the child had been taken away by Jeek's direction.)

The girl had told the lawyer the course taken by the old man, and he had immediately started in pursuit.

Hombert consulted with his men upon the situation. Leela cut the conference short by insisting upon following the runaways. Jeek and Gardnill were together by that time, she said; the child must be carried, and whichever one did that, their progress must be slow; in the direction they had taken, no conveyance could be had for miles; she could track them in the woods, and they could be overtaken.

It seemed to be a desperate chance, but Hombert was in the mood for such, and he gave his voice at last for the pursuit.

They went on for some miles, the half-breed occasionally pointing out marks which she said were indications of the passage of the men they sought.

At length they came to the high bluff of a river, looking down which there was a view of its banks for nearly a mile. Leela, leading the party, scanned this outlook, and suddenly drew the others back from the bluff. Then she pointed down the stream, but they could see nothing. Yet there was Jeek, she said, three-quarters of a mile away, looking for a crossing. The woman became as excited as a bloodhound on a fresh scent.

"Let me go! Stay here! I'll bring him!" she cried.

"Why, I ain't got the papers for him with me," the constable said.

The others had been looking for the child; Jeek alone was what Leela cared to track.

"Never mind! I'll bring him! Dead or alive, I'll bring him!" she exclaimed savagely, and dashed off down the river bank.

The men were tired out, and willing enough to rest. It was to be a camp out in the woods for the approaching night, they saw. They might stay where they were as well as anywhere.

Scattering flakes of snow began to fly through the late November air. It was evident that a storm was coming. The three men went to work at once to shelter themselves for the night with hemlock boughs, and to make a bed of the same. A fire was started, and they were in no danger of freezing, though the want of a commissariat began to be felt.

To look now for a moment at Mr. Jeek's movements:

He was sitting in his office, chewing his beard occasionally, on the evening of the eventful Tuesday which witnessed the arrest of Leela. There was a shambling step at his door, and then the face of a man appeared, reconnoitering the room before entering. It was the fellow with ox muscles and cat conscience.

"Hello, Jack! Come in!" cried Jeek, knowing there was news for him when this fellow came unsummoned.

Red Jack—that was the ruffian's only designation—came slouching into the office. He made brief work of his news; there was a perfectly understood arrangement between them in regard to these services, and no preliminaries were necessary.

The fellow told of the arrest of Leela, and of her subsequent consultation with Hombert's counsel, and that the woman was not sent to jail, or closely kept.

Jeek chewed viciously as much beard as he could get into his mouth, while he pondered a moment on the news. He thought it needed little consideration: they had pounced upon Leela, and in one way or another won her over. Her talking with the other party, and the leniency of her treatment, looked very bad. He had, in fact, rarely known of such cool rascality.

But what appeared worse to him, because he fancied it confirmed all his unfavorable conclusions, was the fact that he had just received Leela's summons to meet her—a call sent through the agreed channel, but unusually urgent. In his opinion the woman was so completely in the hands of the other party that to serve them she had endeavored to entice him to Millfield for some foul purpose; they might even be going to arrest him.

He was certain that the summons to him was in Hombert's interest in some way. But they could not beat him in that way. He was too old a bird. He would show them a trick worth two of that. They were, of course, after the child, and would get it by Leela's treachery if their programme was carried out. But it should not be carried out; he would not go near Millfield, but he would go and take the child away while they were waiting for him to walk into their trap.

This he attempted to do, as the reader knows, leaving the railway before reaching Millfield, and going across the country to the hiding-place. When he got there and found the child was gone, he was greatly enraged, but not much surprised. Its removal before he could get there had been the one thing he feared.

Still, he was puzzled by the Indian girl's description of the person who took the child. She did not know Gardnill, but told him it was an old man. Of course the lawyer instantly suspected his old instrument, but then the girl's description bothered him; neither hair, beard, clothing, nor general appearance, as the girl gave them, corresponded with those of Gardnill as the lawyer had last seen him.

However, it was an old man, and he must carry the child, and could not travel fast. Moreover, he had not started in the direction of any town or railway station. Jeek resolved to spend the afternoon at least in trying to follow and overtake the fugitives.

He went on for some hours, occasionally imagining that he saw the old man's trail, and at other times merely following, by the aid of a pocket compass, the general direction in which the flight was started.

He made slow progress, but he had nothing better to do just then, and there was a chance that he would strike his game. So he kept on until he reached a river. On the other side, he knew, and not far off, was a well-known settler's house—Hoover's. He had now given up all hopes of the chase, but he was tired and hungry, and must go to the settler's dwelling.

He passed up the river bank for a mile or more, seeking a ford. At last he found one—unmistakable, for there were tracks, mostly old, leading to and from the water across a small muddy place on the shore.

As he stood looking at these marks, he suddenly started as if shot, and uttered a cry, that was almost a yell of triumph. There before him in the soft ground were the two prints of a child's feet, and close beside them the fresh trail of a man! Only two prints of the small feet, showing that the child was carried, and had been set down for a moment, while the man examined the ford, perhaps.

These were the marks of the old man and Nell's child; he knew it as well as if he saw them before him then. He would have them yet. It was almost night; they could not be far away. They were making for Hoover's, doubtless, for shelter from the storm that was evidently coming fast.

Wild with excitement over his anticipated triumph, Jeek dashed down toward the ford. He had scarcely reached the water, when there was a rushing noise behind him, as of wind. A hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned to confront—

Leela, the half-breed!

Jeek's first feeling was coarse anger at the shock the woman had given him.

"You she——" he began, but stopped involuntarily.

The unexpected touch upon his shoulder had startled the lawyer, but now the sight of Leela's swart, colorless face, and the deadly, malicious fire in her eyes, sent a thrill of terror to his soul.

"Come! I want you!" she commanded, shortly.

"What do you want?" he asked, trying to recover himself and speak naturally. But he was trembling, smitten with a sense of calamity. Being a coward at heart, he could not rally under this feeling.

"I want you! And I'm going to take you!" she said, through her teeth.

"Take me!" the dastard cried, half in anger, and half in fear.

"Yes. There's papers for you in Millfield, and you're goin' to answer to 'em. Answer to 'em yourself. You won't put this on any one else. You've got the young un away mighty slick, but you ain't got away yourself. And you won't!"

Jeek's fear was growing fast upon him. He had seen this woman in a passion before, but never like this.

"Papers for me?" he exclaimed, still trying to counterfeit a small show of courage. "Well, what of it? What have you got to do with it?"

"I'm going to take you back!"

The resoluteness of this reply had its full effect on the lawyer's sinking and coward spirit. Still he made response:

"Take me back! Why, suppose I allowed you to take me, I could chuck you in jail for doing it the minute you get there. You can't take me!"

"I will!" she cried, and thrust one hand into her bosom.

The woman's look and manner went further than words could to explain her determination. If she had not spoken at all, he would have understood that this woman, whatever their former relations, was now his implacable, desperate enemy. The movement of her hand to her bosom crazed his fear. It is dangerous to menace a coward slightly unless you are prepared for a sudden and treacherous attack. His fear magnifies your threat a thousand fold, and he meets a frown with a bludgeon.

Like a flash Jeek drew a small revolving pistol from his pocket. He had need to be quick, if he would surprise his captor. Almost simultaneously with his movement she whipped out from her bosom a long shining knife. He was busy with his pistol, for he had to use both hands to cock it.

The lock clicked as the pistol came to full cock. At the same moment the shining knife flashed around Jeek's right wrist, and his hand dropped useless; the keen blade had cut to the bone for two-thirds of the way around!

The pistol fell to the ground, and the woman set her foot on it.

The lawyer uttered a yell of pain and terror, as he sprang backward.

The woman kept close to him. But in a moment, as she made no further attack, his fear was drawn to his wound, which was bleeding profusely.

"Tie it up! And don't try any more games!" Leela ordered.

He was relieved to find that he was not to be cut to pieces then and there. He twisted his handkerchief tightly above the wound. While doing this, his craven soul was busy with schemes for outwitting the woman. Not once did he think of overcoming her, she being but a woman—nor of attempting it. He must cheat her, trick her in some way, and escape.

Was she mad? What would she do with him? Who had put her up to this? These questions ran through his mind constantly, as he made as long a task as possible of the bandaging. He could imagine an answer to none of them. He was clear upon but one point: She was a devil; a bloodthirsty, butchering fiend; worse than a wild beast; and here he was, cut by her murderous knife, and in her power.

But the bandaging had to end after a time, and then the lawyer felt that he must once more face the woman. Instinctively he began an attempt to wheedle her from her purpose.

"You might have hurt me badly," he said, as if reproaching her for too rough play.

"I meant to! I'll hurt you worse—yes, within an inch of your life—if you try any more games on me. You could fix up that girl's claim to be my father's daughter. You could keep back my claim and keep me working to separate 'em so you'd get hold of her. You could set me on to steal the young un, and then send the old man to steal it from me. But you can't get away from me. You're a lawyer; well, I'm going to make the law put you in jail."

Every word of this speech went like a knife to Jeek's heart. He did not greatly heed the disclosure of Leela's knowledge at last of the two opposing claims; he had expected that she would stumble upon that fact sooner or later, and had thought that he could pacify the anger that would be aroused. But the deadly menace that was in every word she uttered now—this surprised and appalled him. It was a terror beyond anything he had ever conceived.

Twice again, pretending not to recognize the enmity that was freezing his soul with fear, he tried to cajole or coax her from her purpose. He might as well have talked to the storm which was already breaking over them in blinding clouds of snow. She had but one answer; she was going to take him with her.

Then he professed willingness to go, and started up to cross the ford. Instantly she barred the way and stopped him. She was going back the way she came. He protested; they would be buried by the snow in the woods; they must find a shelter; Hoover's was just across the river. He even told her of the track he had found, and that the child was at Hoover's, doubtless. A thousand children were nothing to her then; she suspected that he might find friends at Hoover's; she would go back with her party, for she would be sure of her prisoner then.

Her persistence in this alarmed Jeek. He knew nothing of the men Leela had left awaiting her return, and he believed she wanted to take him back through the woods for some horrible purpose. Might she not torture him there with some devilish device already prepared?

Thus his cowardice ran wild with him. But he perceived one thing clearly: The woman did not mean to kill him where they were; if she had chosen, she could have done it a dozen times over while they had been there. He dared not go back through the woods with her; he dared not attempt to cross the river in spite of her. It seemed that he was only safe where he was. He would stay there, then.

He sat down doggedly in his abject fear, sinking to the ground in the tracks where she had stopped him when he started to take the ford.

Over him stood Nemesis, watchful as a hawk, unrelenting as Fate. She could not drag him if he would not walk; she wanted him for a completer revenge than she had prepared for him at the cutlery shop; and she was entirely confident of her own powers of endurance as against the lawyer's.

So the night and the storm closed in around them.

It was the first snow of the season—sudden, violent, awful. Down from his icy fastnesses in the far North the Storm King came in mighty wrath. The green waters of Huron turned black before his frown, as his gales swept over the vast expanse, and broke with new fury upon the hither shores. The snow came in dense clouds—enough every five minutes for an ordinary fall in the temperate zone. And when the fall ceased, the wind came keener-edged and more violent, and piled the snow in monstrous heaps and ridges, and filled the air with a very dust of ice.

A fearful night, after which even cattle that were at large must be looked to, lest they be buried in snow in the shelter that ordinarily served them well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"VINCIT VERITAS."

BY A. L. S.

I am lying on the grass with a buttercup in my mouth, and a large sun-bonnet pulled down over my eyes. I am thinking of a time—just twenty years ago—when I was lying on just the same spot.

I close my eyes, and see myself again in the summer of 1855. A very pretty girl, with dark eyes and chestnut hair; and I wear a cheerful but rather shy expression—which, both my good old uncle and Guy Runcorne, our wealthy neighbor, say greatly improves my looks.

I do not believe my uncle loves me more than he does his own handsome daughter, who only returned from a French finishing school last week.

Now, as my thoughts take this turn, my face wears an anxious, wistful look, for I remember how she dazzled us all with her brilliant beauty and accomplishments, and how Guy quite neglected me for her, when, before her arrival, I knew it was but a question of a few days ere he would have been my accepted lover, and hard, unwomanly ideas came into my head as I thought that my cousin was stealing him from me.

Now, when I look back, I wonder at the strength and depth of my passion. Such an ordinary sort of fellow, with quite his share of the faults, as well as the virtues common to us poor mortals.

I envied Madge her beauty, while I hated myself for doing so; but I was a woman, after all—a weak, faulty woman, and she was slowly but surely taking the man I loved from me.

So, walking home, I wished I had been to a Boulogne finishing school. But I had no right to complain; I was only the vicar's poor, dependant niece, so any "scraped up" education was good enough for me!

Sauntering up the gravel walk leading to the Vicarage, it did not improve the condition of my mind to see, through the long French windows, my cousin, looking bewilderingly lovely, with that soft "illusion," so peculiarly becoming to her dainty complexion, round her neck and hands, presiding over the tea-table, with Guy as her assiduous attendant.

Feeling that my face had flushed with annoyance, I turned down a narrow little path that divided our garden from the high road, and, as I went, I pulled viciously at the wild roses that thickly studded our side of the hedge.

"So Miss Vivian has returned home," said a voice from the road. "I hear she is a great beauty. Do you know anything of her?"

I am ashamed to say that I almost crept along in my anxiety to hear the answer.

"My young sister, who was at school with her, says it was talk in the school that Miss Vivian used to meet—clandestinely, of course—a Frenchman of excellent family, until she grew tired, and so jilted him."

"Runcorne is in love with her already, I'm afraid. I'd rather he would marry the vicar's niece, though she's a vain little thing."

"If I can't have him, she shan't!" I muttered. And with this wicked, dog-in-the-manger thought in my heart, I entered the drawing-room in time to see a deep blush overspread my cousin's cheek at some implied compliment from Guy.

If ever I saw the first dawn of love—a pure, ardent love—on a woman's face, it was on Madge Vivian's when I approached, with the deliberate intention to do all in my power to wreck her newly-found happiness.

How vividly I remember commencing my evil work!

How I turned and twisted the story I had overheard, until I succeeded in holding my cousin up to Guy's scorn as a heartless jilt.

So, day after day did I persevere, and ere a week was over, Madge grew pale and spiritless, and Guy wretchedly restless. He was trying to conquer his love for her without success; and while he hesitated to ask an explanation, she was too proud to tender it unasked.

At length the crisis came. Guy had received a message demanding his immediate presence in London; and by a determined look on his face, I conjectured—and rightly—that he had formed some resolution regarding Madge.

It was evening, but the summer twilight was clear and light. I was sitting in the library, in the deep embrasured window, and my eyes were gradually being opened to a sense of my great wickedness, when Guy entered hastily, and drawing the materials towards him, sat down to write.

I was just about to move, when he arrested my attention by murmuring, "I will write, and if she does not reply to my letter, I will never see her more!"

So he was writing to her. All my bitterness arose again, and taking up a book, I sat still in the shadow. It was growing dark, and I could only see to read the heading, which was printed in large type—one of my uncle's sermons. There was the title, "*Vincit Veritas*"—"Truth Conquers."

"'*Vincit Veritas*'—'Truth conquers,'" repeated I, again and again, until the words seemed burnt into my very brain—until I could think of nothing else—until, in a moment of impatience, I threw the book on the floor, making Guy, who was just enclosing his letter in an envelope, start from his chair.

Then, with another lie on my lips, I apologized, saying I had no idea he was there.

"Miss Vivian has kept her room all day," he said, rather nervously. "May I ask if you will give her that letter? I must take the nine o'clock train for London."

And he gave the letter into my ready hands.

I left the room, ostensibly on my errand; but instead of going upstairs I went out into the garden, down the path, opened the gate, and stood in the chestnut tree avenue.

There was the letter in my hand—to deliver or not, as I pleased.

If no reply came, Guy would go away, and my scheming would have triumphed.

Yet, as I walked, I could not get that old sermon out of my head, and "*Vincit Veritas*" seemed ringing in my ears.

Fairly haunted by that old sermon, I turned and hastily walked back, entered the house; and as the old clock in the hall was striking eight, I met Guy at the door of the library, with his face white, and his lips drawn down, as with sudden pain.

"You gave Miss Vivian my letter?" he asked.

I hesitated.

The lying "Yes" was on my lips; but there was the old clock ticking "*Vincit veritas*" as plainly as it could tick anything; so, with an effort, I swallowed the "Yes," and answered "No; I am going up with it now!"

'Twas as if he had been in the last stage of starvation and I had offered him a bit of bread, to see the look of hope and hungry joy that leapt into his eyes.

I rushed upstairs into Madge's room, and tossing the letter into her lap, left her.

I heard her go down to Guy, and the library door shut, and then, entering my little room with the oriel window, through which the stars blinked pitifully, mercifully, I thought, I threw myself on the bed, and there sobbed forth my grief and repentance.

Well, they were married soon after; and they have been, and are still, very happy indeed.

And I am happy, too—at least, so far as a woman can be who is utterly alone.

I live very quietly and comfortably, and have been the recognized old maid of the little town for longer than I care to remember; but there are many pleasant things even in the life of an old maid, and so I may truly say I am happy.

FACETIÆ

"A warehouse"—A clothing store.

"A private box"—A fight in the household.

For a "hollow mockery," nothing beats an echo.

"A horse clipper"—A scissors editor with a cold.

A barber-ous father is now called a razor of shavers.

"Learn to labor and to wait," is respectfully suggested as a motto for the hotel waiters.

A man must have a beginning in the world, but he can easily put an end to himself.

Children's bawls are one cause of summer complaint—at least from old bachelors.

Some might think the epithet "blue" is given to the ocean from the color of most people on coming out from bathing in it.

A young girl on the other side of the river is nearly crazy on the croquet subject, and her friends say "she's a maiden all for lawn."

The foreign tourist just now finds a hearty welcome at Paris. They are "taking in" and "doing for" all the American victims in the city.

The average paragrapher is not naturally vicious, for it pleases him to see one of his squibs stolen by another paper, even if it is not to his credit.

In cross-examining witnesses, Congressman Butler never says as do some lawyers: "Now look me in the eye, sir." The remark might appear personal.

The difference between a very young man and Sitting Bull, is, that that while the one does all he can to raise a moustache, the other is satisfied to "raise" hair.

The manufacturers of hair-restorers never kill flies. It is between the cross-fires produced by these insects and bald-heads that their financial salvation lies.

Metaphysicians are explaining Russia's tolerance towards Greece in the recent Congress, on the basis of that nation's well-known love for candles as an article of diet.

Now since Queen Victoria has presented Disraeli with a Garter, he can have no excuse to go round with his stockings down over his shoe-tops like the rest of mankind.

"Give an inch, and they'll take an ell," is an old, true saying. Perhaps if fewer degrees were given to the scales of thermometers they wouldn't be so anxious now to run up such big scores.

It is said that bee-stings are a remedy for rheumatism. There are peculiarities in the method of treatment, however, that will militate against its general adoption by the medical fraternity.

There are times when a whole world of human speech is crammed into a few words, but never is the tongue of man more briefly eloquent than when the happy fellow whispers to a friend: "It's a boy."

When a tramp sees the legend, "No Trust," in a tavern, it demoralizes him to that extent, that he forgets all about its being man's duty to place his feelings in that respect on other worlds than this.

The potato-bug is at present in France. It is supposed he grew so fat, and fond of Paris Green in this country, that he's off for the city where it's made, so as to get a square meal of the luxury for once at least.

No matter how humble we are we can yet, to some extent, influence the world. Alexander whipped three continents, but even he bent before the active energies of the meek and lowly, but insufficiently ripe, cucumber.

The necessity of being careful about what they say, should be early brought to the attention of children, for they never know what results from "putting one's foot in it," until they get caught in a steel trap, for instance.

The appropriateness of using the Indian as a sign for a segar store is only properly seen, when it is known that the race never smoke anything but horribly dirty pipes, whose odors make themselves felt and respected for half a mile around.

Fruiterers say the season generally is several weeks backward this year, and this fact may have more connection with the drug-stores delaying their orders for colic medicines, and the comparative healthfulness of the small-boy population, than at first appears.

The multiplicity of interests in society is something astonishing. It may amount to the same thing numerically, but the father with seven sons will always look with a calmer eye on the coal and front-gate season than the man who has seven courtable daughters.

A Camden women is now going round the house without a hair on her head—the result of a fight with a brutal husband. She had got the best of him fairly, but he sneaked in from the back shed at midnight when she was wrapped in slumber, and finding it on the chair tore her switch into flinders.

The pretended fear that women show at the sight of a mouse or roach, is only intended to take in the men, by impressing them with a sense of their great weakness. Wait till they get married, and a natural difference of opinion arises as to the proper hour for a husband to be home after night with his wife, and then——!

WHEN LEAVING HOME for the Summer, the prudent provide themselves with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, in order to treat promptly and effectually all attacks of Cramp, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, etc.—complaints more or less prevalent everywhere at this season of the year.

A PLAINT.

BY C. LEON GUNTER.

I stood in woodland redolent
Of leafy incense; sick and sad
Aroma of worn leaves o'erspent,
And leaves in death, once green and glad!
I grieved to see their graves forlorn,
And where the red, heaped leaves were shed,
I sang: "I marvel much and mourn!
The strong-lived, ruddy year is dead!"
Beginning thus, I sang sincere
A burden of the year's decay,
A burden of the foolish year,
The bitter wane of green to gray.
I mourned remembered summer haze
That heralded the dawn of Spring;
And Autumn's misty, spicy days,
And mourning, marveling still, I sing:
I fret to solve ænigma deep,
The Sphinx called Pleasure asks of man!
A flitting dream-ghost of our sleep
Is Joyance; interpret her who can?
In vain, in vain desires of ours,
To sip again the nectar sweet
Of golden days and happy hours:
The hours are sad, the days are bleak!
What soul shall read the hieroglyph
Of these dead leaves and bid them speak
To solve the riddle, tell us if
The seasons shall change sweet again,
The drear and sunless, useless days,
And Summer show no wayward phase
And Autumn dream no wizard trick
That some sweet mirage to our gaze
Unfolds until we faint heartsick?
Ah! ashes of October's blaze,
Ye teach us, "Omnes pereunt ale!"
"The sweet, delicious days are dead,"
I sang: "I marvel much and mourn,"
A wealth of sweetness hath been shed,
And yet our souls are anguish-worn.
For days of hope and love and youth,
And days of all the precious store
Of blisses we have loved in truth,
Shall come no more! shall come no more!
The corpses of the leaves forlorn,
In twilight woods lie stark and drear.
I sing and marvel, sing and mourn
The dank dead leaves and sad dead year.
The fire of day despairing pales
Its hopeless flicker, dun and red!
In chorus weird and ghastly gales
Afar seem chanting, Winter-led,
"The sweet, delicious days are dead!"

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

It so happened that two weeks after their return Sir Mark had occasion to go to London for a day. Katherine not caring to accompany him, he went on his short journey alone; and, as he was strolling leisurely down Regent Street to execute some trifling commission for his wife, whom should he meet, face to face, but Blackwood Craven, looking changed and care worn beyond description!

The two men met with an expression of cordiality that, on one side, was by no means genuine, although Sir Mark, who was naturally of a most kindly, open hearted disposition, was unfeignedly glad to meet his old acquaintance again.

"Why, Craven," he exclaimed heartily, "who would have dreamed of seeing you here? I heard from Blount that you were stationed somewhere in the south."

"I got a few weeks' leave," Blackwood returned listlessly, "and, having nothing better to do, thought that I would knock about London for a bit, and see some of my old friends."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Sir Mark. "Come down with me to the Hall, and I will promise you as good snipe-shooting as ever you had—you cannot do better. And my wife will be delighted to see you—you and she were always so intimate, you know."

"His wife!" Blackwood's face paled in the old manner, and he winced almost perceptibly. "His wife!" "Glad to see him!" Good Heavens, had she been discussing his misery? Could she really be so indifferent to him as all that inferred?

"Thank you," he said coldly, "but I don't exactly fancy I can manage it, you see."

"Oh, nonsense!" Warrenne broke in hospitably. "You can manage it easily enough, so say 'Yes' at once, and meet me at the down train this evening. We will take Katherine by surprise, and make her perfectly happy—seeing you will remind her so of old times, you know. And, besides, the change of air will do you all the good in the world, especially as you do not look quite so blooming as you might."

Every word thus unconsciously uttered was a stab to the bleeding heart of Blackwood Craven, and inwardly he writhed under Sir Mark's comments with an agony beyond all physical pain. Old times, old memories, tender by-gone scenes rose up before him, only to give place to the remembrance that she was his no longer, but the happy contented wife of this man who stood waiting for an answer; and then a wild, half-frantic desire to see her once more—in her new home—in her character of a married woman—took possession of him, driving away all other wiser thoughts and resolves.

"Well, thank you," he decided suddenly; "yes, I will come. You are right; it will do me an infinite amount of good to see all my favorite haunts again, so you may expect me at the evening train."

"That's right," Sir Mark answered, real pleasure shining in his handsome blue eyes, as he contemplated Katherine's astonishment and delight. "Good-bye then for the present; and do not be late, old man, whatever you do"—moving away, as he finished speaking, to execute the business on hand.

So it came to pass that Blackwood Craven actually started that night to spend some days under Katherine Warrenne's roof. The weather was bitterly cold, frost and snow lying heavily upon the ground, as they drove along to Warrenne Hall, but he had scarcely seemed to heed it, the whole journey seeming to him like some exciting dream that would vanish presently, and leave him in his own quarters in London, far enough from the Hall and its inhabitants.

It was not until they drew up to the Hall door, and Sir Mark advised him to alight, "unless he had a fancy for being frozen to death," that he fully awoke to the reality of his situation.

"Come along," Sir Mark exclaimed eagerly, when the servant informed him where her ladyship was to be found. "Come along, Craven—Barnet will see to your gun case."

At this juncture Blackwood's heart began to fail him heavily. How would she meet him? he asked himself hurriedly. Would she faint? Would she show any agitation? Or would she——

"Warrenne," he said, stopping short, and endeavoring to speak with unconcern, "would it not be better perhaps to tell Lady Warrenne that—that I am come?"

"Oh, nonsense, man!" returned Sir Mark, with a half-smile of astonishment, pausing to contemplate his companion unsuspiciously. "You do not suppose she requires the news to be broken to her, do you—you, who were almost a brother? Come on."

So after this, there being no help for it, Craven, with a smothered groan, followed his guide into a small elegant apartment, where, at the farthest end, sat busily embroidering, the only woman he had ever loved. Lady Warrenne did not perceive him until she had returned her husband's embrace, when Sir Mark said pleasantly—

"Katherine, I have brought you your oldest friend;" and she, looking up curiously, gazed straight into Blackwood Craven's eyes.

For a moment—for just one brief moment of agony—she thought she was going to faint, to disgrace herself for ever in her own and her husband's opinion; and then she found herself moving forward, and saying something commonplace to Blackwood, about his being welcome, and so forth—what exactly she could never afterwards remember. A cloud seemed gathering round her, choking, suffocating her in its cold embrace, from beyond which her husband's voice came to her, true and loving as ever—

"We are starving, my darling; can Brander give us something, if I ring the bell?"

"I will go and see myself," she said, catching eagerly, gladly at the chance thus afforded her of getting away from the room, and from the one man whom, in all the world, she dreaded.

For half an hour she was absent, which time she employed in walking wildly up and down her own chamber, trying anxiously to collect her ideas and to conquer the fierce pain gnawing so persistently at her heart.

"I have saved my father," she kept repeating to herself over and over again, until she had grown tolerably calm; when she went back again to the obnoxious boudoir, only to find that Sir Mark and her cousin had gone down to the dining-room to discuss the good things Brander had thought fit to place before them. Thither she also descended—nervous, least either of them should notice anything unusual in her conduct—and, taking a chair near her husband's side, as far from Blackwood as was possible, she tried hard to say something civil and pleasant about their journey.

"It would have been lonely enough without Craven," Sir Mark told her, "although I can scarcely cry him up as the jolliest companion in all the world, considering that he never condescended to open his lips the entire way. And—would you believe it, Katherine?—it was quite as much as I could do to induce him to grant us the pleasure of his valuable society, even for a few days. I told him I would complain of his conduct to you, and throw him on the tender mercies of a woman's tongue. But," he broke off somewhat anxiously, "are you feeling quite strong to night, my dearest? Your cheeks have lost all the bright color they gained in Italy. Did you go for your drive this afternoon?"

"Yes; I went to see Harry," Katherine answered, ignoring the beginning of his speech, "but the day was bleak, and I felt cold—so cold"—tightening her hands nervously. "I think I will bid you good night now, and go to my own room, as it is rather late"—rising as she concluded, and holding out her hand to Craven. "Good night, Blackwood," she said quite calmly, but without raising her eyes to meet his; and, having pressed her lips to Sir Mark's forehead, she went quietly away.

During his stay at the Hall Craven saw but little of Lady Warrenne, the gentlemen going shooting, or being otherwise engaged out of doors the entire day until dinner-time, after which Katherine avoided—with a heedfulness that almost amounted to nervous horror—anything resembling a *tete-a tete*. Nor, to tell the truth, was Blackwood by any means anxious to obtain one.

From the first moment when Katherine's beautiful idolised face had come before him again in the boudoir, he had never ceased regretting the step that had brought him once more under her influence, and longed earnestly for the hour that would see him back in London again, or with his regiment, or anywhere, so that he might get beyond the gaze of her large, unhappy eyes. At last the mental torture he was enduring became so unbearable that he determined to end it one way or another, and, after passing a sleepless night, came to the conclusion that the next day—his fifth—should be the last of his residence at Warrenne Hall.

Having made up his mind to this, he determined to say nothing of his intention until the morning of his departure, when he would find some excuse in his letters to leave by the early train, which started about an hour after the usual breakfast-time.

Feeling happier in his mind now that he had arranged his private affairs so satisfactorily, he started with Sir Mark about eleven, to go through his last day's shooting at the Hall.

It was a magnificent day for the sport they had in view, though decidedly cold and bitter for all those not imbued with a passion for outdoor amusements. Having ascertained from the keeper accompanying them the nearest way to the desired rendezvous, they walked on smartly for about a quarter of a mile, when Sir Mark suddenly discovered that he was without fusees, or anything else wherewith to light his pipe. This was indeed a serious consideration, especially as Craven confessed himself in the same plight, and honest John, the keeper, had evidently been depending upon the other two both for a light and tobacco.

"I will run back," said Craven. "Tell me where to find some, and I will overtake you in less than no time; or else I will go by the lower field and pick you up at Drum Bog"—the spot in which the remnant of the year's snipe were supposed to be awaiting their doom.

"Just step in the library by the French window," directed Sir Mark, "and you will find some on the table which I left there last night, in a little silver affair."

Thus instructed, Blackwood betook himself back once more to the Hall, where, entering the library by the French window, he came suddenly upon Lady Warrenne, seated reading in a large arm-chair. It was the first time they had been alone since that last eventful day when he had bidden her what had been intended to be a final farewell, so that now, finding himself in her presence in that totally unexpected manner, his courage and coolness deserted him to some extent.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Warrenne," he began, pausing a moment before entering—he had never called her "Tita" since his arrival, nor even Katherine, confining himself to her title—"but Warrenne told me—I came back for some vesuvians of his lying on the table."

Lady Warrenne rose gracefully.

"Are these what you are looking for?" she asked, lifting the little silver match-box, and holding it out to him.

"Yes, thank you," he answered coldly, coming across the room to receive them from her hand.

As he did so their eyes met, and a wild, unconquerable desire possessed Katherine to be friends with him at all hazards.

"Blackwood, forgive me!" she whispered gently, laying her hand upon his arm. "If he does," she thought, her heart beating rapidly—"if he puts me now at peace with my own conscience—I will tell Mark everything this evening, and perhaps some day I shall be happy." Meanwhile Craven had taken the little fingers that lay like a snowflake on the coarse cloth of his shooting-jacket, and spread them out silently on his own brown palm, but not a shadow of forgiveness crossed his face.

"Look here," he said; "so long as I can remember that this hand belongs to another man, let him be who he may, dead or alive, so long I will not forgive you."

"Meaning 'Never?'" she asked quietly, growing deadly pale.

"Meaning 'Never,'" Blackwood Craven answered, just as quietly, loosing her hand unrelentingly.

"You are very hard on me," poor Lady Warrenne said presently, seeing that he either could not or would not speak.

"Hard on you!" he repeated, with the concentrated bitterness of months in his voice. "How like a woman that is—first employing every artifice to gain a man's honest affection—waiting until she discovers that his very soul is scarce his own—and then flinging him over for the first good match she can find, and, having succeeded in embittering his whole existence, thinking it 'hard' that he does not turn round and humbly kiss her hand! No"—with a bitter laugh—"you have misjudged my character. I am a good hater, most of my tender feelings have taken flight since last September; and I hardly find myself sufficiently moral to appreciate the benefits to be received by kissing the proverbial 'rod.'"

"Oh, Blackwood," she murmured, "I think you would be a little more merciful if you only knew how I have longed for your forgiveness, and how miserable I am without it!"

"I hope in reality you are," he answered savagely. "What! Did not your riches after all, then, bring you the return you anticipated? A just retribution, upon my word, and one hardly to be expected in this degenerate world, where the undeserving mostly come by their own! This is the last conversation, in all probability, I shall ever hold with you on earth, as I go away to morrow morning early, and embark for India in another month or six weeks; so I will waste no more hard words, having let you know, once for all, the estimation in which I hold you." And as he finished speaking he walked towards the window by which he had entered.

As she saw him moving away from her, for ever, as it appeared—this man, so cruelly unkind, so deeply loved, so irreparably wronged—Lady Warrenne's heart sank within her; she burst into a storm of sobs, passionate, despairing, and made made one last effort to obtain the pardon she, in her loneliness, so eagerly craved.

"Blackwood," she cried, "oh, wait for one moment more, only one! If you would but hear me—if you only knew all—you would not think me so base as you think me now. Have not I suffered also? Have you had all the pain? Ah, surely, surely you will not go away for ever without saying one kind word to me, whom once you loved!"

She held out her small hands to him beseechingly, sobbing with painful vehemence. Her beautiful face was wet with sad repentant tears, and Blackwood, looking on, saw, as in some well-remembered dream, the same form, the same hands held out to him as in the old oak parlor at the Manor so many months since.

The sight of her bitter grief roused within him all the better feelings of his manhood; his stubborn will grew weaker, his heart relented, and, striding across the room to her side, he accepted the proffered hands.

"Child," he said hoarsely, "you have conquered. I leave you my free and full forgiveness—take it, and be happy in your new life. But, for all that, it is indeed farewell between us two, as I swear I will never again enter your presence, nor listen to your voice, nor look on your beloved face; so bid me good-bye now, and—and may Heaven bless and keep you, my one love!" His accents were broken with emotions.

Katherine, her prayer granted, the dear wish of her heart fulfilled, nevertheless could not speak the last sad words that should part them forever in this world. She could only stoop, and betweens her sobs press a timid, humble little caress upon his clasping hand; after which she turned away despairingly, and he passed out into the raw cold February air to meet the fate that awaited him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Color in painting presents more of a debateable ground than any other subject that may be entered on. It has been, of all others, the least satisfactorily handled by writers on art. The reason of this is, that as regards the arts, powerful chromatic feeling and organization, as in the case of Titian, have appeared in their maturity, while the science of chromatics, until the last few years, has lingered in its infancy; and in its present state it still remains a sealed book, as regards the requirements of the painter, and as presenting a site of well-defined powers, productive of certain, definite and varied chromatic expressions. Pictures and the different scales of different masters have been analyzed with the utmost minuteness; but the result of such labor up to the present time has been attended with no better success than that of children who have taken to pieces their parents' watches. Color can never be taught. It is a gift.

Among the means of diversion in Paris just now is a huge balloon in the courtyard of the Tuileries, inflated with 80,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, and capable of carrying 50 persons. It is secured by an enormous cable weighing three tons and capable of bearing a tension of 25 tons, and is allowed to ascend only 2,000 feet, when it is drawn down again by an immense windlass worked by two engines of 30 horse power. Each passenger is charged 20 francs per trip. On one trip some 30 persons, ladies and gentlemen, ascended in this balloon, and all of the ladies fainted on account of the fright caused by the altitude to which they had ascended and the motion of the balloon.

It is a just saying that men, like books, begin and end with blank leaves—infancy and senility; and we may add that there is often nothing better between the two.

KATE'S PRINCE.

BY GEO. MANVILLE PENN.

"There now, you're banging that door again, Miss Jenny; I declare to goodness you children would worrit the patience out of a saint."

"Oh, never mind, Sally," I said panting, after a race to get into the house first—a race I had won, for Lil and Cissy were yards behind.

"Never mind, indeed!" cried Sally, "and there's your fine cousin coming down to-day from London. I wonder what she will say when she sees you racing about the meadow like so many wild colts, and your arms all brown and scratched, and the books off your dress. I never see such children, never."

Sally was our housemaid, parlor-maid, and nurse-maid all in one; and it used to seem to me that she spent all her leisure time in quarrelling with the cook and scrubbing us; but for all that, one of my principal recollections, during the fever I had so long, was waking at all times to see Sally's red face watching by my bedside; and I know she did all cook's work for six weeks as well as her own, when poor cook had such a sad accident and cut her hand.

We three—Lil, Cissy, and I—had a long discussion about cousin Kate and her visit; and we all felt what dreadful little ragamuffins we should seem to her, for I'm afraid we had been running wild; though papa only used to laugh about it, and would come into the school room when mamma was busy with us over our lessons, whenever it was a fine morning, and cry, "Now then, girls, the sun shines and the birds are calling. Out with you! Learn lessons when it rains."

I knew afterwards why this was. Papa had a horrible nervous dread of our growing up weak and sickly, for his was a delicate family; and I had heard that our cousins were often very ill.

"I can guess why cousin Kate's coming to stay with us," said Lil.

"I *know* why she's coming," I said.

"It's because she's ill," shouted Lil, for fear I should show my knowledge first.

"Sally will take her up new warm milk and an egg in it before she gets out of bed in the morning," said Cissy solemnly; "that will soon make her well."

"She shall have all the eggs Speckle lays," said Lil, "and Jenny will take her every morning to the old garden-seat under the trees. She's sure to get well there."

And so we did, for Cousin Kate came that afternoon—a tall, pale girl, with a sad, weary look in her face, as she gazed wistfully from one to the other.

We three girls stood back, quite in awe of the well-dressed, fashionable-looking body, who was so different from what we had expected, while mamma went up to welcome her, and took her in her arms in a tender affectionate way, saying, "My dear child, we are so glad to see you."

Cousin Kate threw her arms round mamma's neck and burst into a fit of sobbing, hiding her face from our sight. We did not see any more of her that day; but our young interest was deeply excited, and somehow, perhaps, fostered by dark hints dropped by Sally, who was a blighted flower, having been crossed in a love affair with the horse-keeper at a neighboring farm! we girls got to think of our cousin's illness as a kind of mystery connected in some way, how we did not know, with the heart.

Our awe of the sweet gentle cousin fell off the very next day, when we took possession of her, and led her round our dear old country home, with its wilderness of an orchard, great garden shrubberies, and pleasant meadow.

This desire to show her attention came natural to us; but on my part it was increased by a few words which I heard pass between papa and mamma, mamma saying that she did not think poor Kate would ever grow strong again, but slowly wither away.

She had come to us in the spring, and the months flew by till it was the height of summer; and many and many a night had I turned my face to the wall, and cried silently till my pillow was wet. For I knew so well that Kate was weaker, much weaker than when she came, a walk across the lawn to the old garden-seat in the shade being as much now as she could bear.

"Cousin Kate," I said, one day when we were alone, Lil and Cissy having rushed off to get some flowers, "couldn't any doctor make you well?"

She looked at me with a wild strange gaze which almost startled me, before she replied, and then in a way that made my heart beat she sobbed out:

"Only one—only one!" and then as if to herself, in a low whisper, she added, "and before he can come I shall be dead—dead!"

She did not know I heard her last words, and I sat chilled and frightened, gazing at her till my sisters came back, when, as we frequently did, we sat down about her; Lil got upon the seat, Cissy sat on the grass with her head against one of Kate's hands, which hung listlessly from the corner where she leaned, and I threw myself on the grass at her feet, so as to look up in her gentle face, which had now become calm with its old weary look.

"Cousin Kate," said Lil, "tell us another story."

"No, no," I said, "don't ask; she isn't so well to-day."

"Yes," she said quietly, raising her head and looking at me, "I am better to-day."

"Tell us one, then," cried Cissy eagerly, "one you've never told us before."

There was silence for a few minutes, and as I gazed up in Kate's face I saw her eyes close, and a sort of spasm twitch her lips; but the next minute she was quite calm, and then with the leaves whispering round us, and the twittering of the birds coming now and again from the distance, she said in a low, sweet, musical voice:

"Once upon a time in the days of long ago, when people were very, very happy on this earth, there lived a prince who was young, and handsome, and true. Nearly every one loved him, he was so manly and yet so gentle."

"And he loved a beautiful princess," put in Cissy.

I saw the spasm cross cousin Kate's face again, but it was calm directly after, and she went on.

"No, dear," she said, "he did not love a beautiful princess, but a poor simple girl who loved him too, with all her heart, and they were so, so happy."

"Yes, and they were married, and lived happy ever after," cried Cissy. "Go on."

"No, Cissy, they were not, for the poor, handsome young prince had enemies—cruel, bitter enemies—who slandered him, and said that he had made false keys and opened the treasure chests of a great man, and stolen away his gold and precious stones."

"Oh!" whispered Cissy, now deeply interested.

"And," continued Kate, "they took the poor prince, and there was a great trial, and though he declared he was innocent, the wicked people who slandered him and bare false witness against him prevailed; and the great judge said that he was to be cast into prison, and wear heavy chains, and be kept there for twenty-one long years."

"Oh!" cried Lil.

"Yes," said Cissy, "I know, and then the simple young girl who loved him went and unlocked the prison gates, and struck off his chains and set him free."

"No—no," cried cousin Kate, and her voice altered terribly, so that I was alarmed, though I could do nothing but gaze up in the wild face before me, for now a change came over it. "No," she cried, "the poor girl could do nothing but sit and weep, and feel her broken heart beat—beat—beat, in its own prison, wearing itself out till—till she died, and—— Oh, Frank! Frank! what have we done that we should suffer this?"

I leaped up to throw my arms round her, while my sisters shrank away alarmed; for cousin Kate turned from us with a bitter wail, buried her face in her hands, and threw herself half over the arm of the old garden seat, sobbing in a wild hysterical way. "Kate, dear cousin Kate," I sobbed; but even as I spoke there was a hasty step on the gravel, the bushes were dashed aside, and the shadow of a tall man was cast over us.

"Kate—darling!" he cried, catching her in his arms, as I was thrust rudely aside, "I am innocent and free."

She did not hear him, for she gave a faint gasp and sank back insensible.

We three girls were almost stunned; but we saw the tall, thin, pale-looking stranger hastily lift poor Kate from the seat, and literally run with her to the house, while we followed more slowly.

As we reached the porch it was to meet papa running out, and in a very short time he returned with the doctor. But this doctor was the wrong one; the right one had come to us at the garden seat, and it was his words that brought dear cousin Kate back to life, and in the course of a few months to health.

For Frank Roberts was reinstated in the Government offices from which he fell—in a higher post, one which gave him the confidence of the higher officials; while the man through whose treachery poor Frank had suffered a year and a half before, died confessing that he had been the guilty party alone.

Oh! those happy days when the roses were coming back day by day into cousin Kate's cheek, and when Frank, who was down at the old place every Saturday to stay till Monday, used to be sent to play and romp with us girls. I can hardly believe that thirty years have glided by since then, but so it is; and to this day we call dear old gray-whiskered Frank, "Kate's Prince."

The Bosom Friends.

BY K. C. B.

Mabel Clarendon and Julia Montgomery had been friends from early childhood. They were each only daughters of wealthy parents; but a great financial crisis of some years ago had reduced them to comparative poverty, and had left them both orphans. From the wreck of their fortunes each secured a trifle; and, in their trouble, being drawn closer together than ever, they vowed eternal friendship, called each other "sister," put their scanty fortunes into one common purse, and found that with great economy, and the proper management of the talents which heaven had given them, they could escape the grasp of poverty.

These gentlewomen did not lack pupils; it was a very fine thing for scores of comparatively rich women to boast that their daughters were being finished in the matter of education by the once rich, fashionable, and well-known Miss Clarendon and Miss Montgomery.

After three years of industry and economy, these young ladies felt that they could afford to make each other a gift of the whole summer time, and enjoy it in their own way. The female Damon and Pythias took up their abode in a pretty cottage, close by the sea; and there, with the assistance of a little French maid, who had clung to Julia through all the change of her fortune, they dwelt in the most charming manner.

The first two months of this delightful retirement passed as pleasantly as life in a fairy tale. But one day in the first week in July, the wicked genie of the fairy stories found out this little paradise. His name was Victor Lansing, and he was handsome as an Apollo.

Julia gave up her whole mind to the admiration of Victor Lansing's wonderful blonde beauty.

With Mabel, admiration and kindly regard were at first the only feelings she entertained for her new friend; and she occupied more the position of a quiet looker-on than an active party in the trio.

As for Mr. Lansing, if he had any decided preference at first, it appeared to be for Miss Montgomery. That he found Julia fascinating and almost irresistible, he could not deny; although he thought Mabel the more beautiful of the two. Often he smiled to himself to think that he could not, on a wager, have decided with which of the two he was in love, if with either.

Week after week passed on; and at length Victor announced his intention of leaving the seaside, and returning to his home and his duties. He was a barrister, and longed to be back again among his books and papers. But still he did not go.

The holiday of the two friends was also drawing to a close; and, indeed, it became necessary for one or the other to return to town at once; and it was finally decided that Miss Clarendon should go first, to attend to the gathering together of the school, while Miss Montgomery remained to pack up and superintend the removal of certain articles from their summer retreat.

In the meantime Mabel's efforts to promote the love affair of her friend, and render herself indifferent on the subject of Victor Lansing, had resulted disastrously for the whole party. Julia, confident that she had won Victor, gave up her whole heart and soul to the entrancing occupation of idolising him; Victor, no longer in doubt as to the state of his feelings, knew that he adored Miss Clarendon; while poor Mabel, from her constant schemes to avoid Lansing, and throw him into Julia's society, contracted such a habit of thinking of him that at last she could do nothing else; and discovered, with dismay, that she was hopelessly, irretrievably in love with him herself.

On the day following Mabel's departure, Victor called on Julia; and his hurried and absent manner betrayed the agitation of his feelings. He carried a travelling bag in his hand, and announced that he was on his way to catch the first train for town. Could he execute any commands for Miss Montgomery?"

"No," Julia thanked him, "nothing;" and her voice was scarcely audible.

"Could she favor him with Miss Clarendon's address?" Victor asked; and Julia gave it with a dreadful sinking of the heart; and then, as in a dream, she heard a great many cordial expressions of friendly regard, a kind "good-bye," and knew she was alone.

A burning jealousy took possession of her, an insatiable desire to be with her rival, to watch the conduct of the man she loved, and to place some eternal barrier between both. As soon done as thought. On the following day, Julia was in the school-room again, and talking over, with Mabel, the arrival of new scholars, and the loss of old ones, while her heart beat loudly at the sound of every step that approached the door.

She had not long to wait. Towards evening Victor Lansing called; and except a few commonplace remarks to Julia, which stung her more than utter neglect would have done, he devoted himself entirely to Mabel.

It would be tedious to dwell upon this painful time. Day by day Victor became more deeply attached to Mabel; and day by day the fiend within Miss Montgomery's bosom became more unmanageable, although she still maintained an outward semblance of unbroken serenity.

One night, after Victor Lansing had gone, Mabel went softly to Julia's room, and seated herself on a low ottoman at her feet, while she endeavored to calm her fluttering heart sufficiently to make the avowal that had brought her there. The flickering fire cast a ruddy glow through the room, making of the two beautiful women, who sat half in shade and half touched by its bright light, a picture which Rembrandt would have loved to paint.

"Julia," said Mabel, at last, "I have something to tell you!"

Julia's great dark eyes flashed like living coal. Already she knew what was coming; but she only placed her cold and trembling hand lightly on the shining coils of Mabel's hair. The unsuspecting girl shuddered at that touch, without knowing why; and, after a moment's hesitation, went on hurriedly, "You have seen, perhaps, Julia, that Victor loves me. We are engaged—in a few days I shall be his wife!"

A terrible sound, that was neither a groan, a cry, nor an artificial word, burst from Julia Montgomery. She wreathed her hand in the long hair of her companion, and dragging her backwards, quick as lightning inflicted a deadly blow upon her white bosom with some long sharp knife that had lain on the table beside her. A piercing shriek broke from the wounded girl; and, struggling from the grasp of her companion, she tried to rush from the room, but fell insensible across the threshold. Cries of mad demoniac laughter burst from the lips of Julia Montgomery; and when Barbette and the assistant servant rushed into the room, a ghastly and appalling sight met their view.

In a confused heap in one corner, with hair dishevelled, livid face, and glittering eyes, Julia Montgomery sat grinning, and ever and anon emitting fearful cries, a hopeless, incurable madwoman. Their screams soon brought help, and the maniac was with difficulty secured, and borne shrieking from the room.

The unfortunate Mabel was, at first, thought to be dead; but her timely swoon had saved her life. The wound, though deep and dangerous, was not fatal; and her falling insensible had prevented much loss of blood. But weeks of patient watching went by before she was pronounced out of danger; and, to her dying day, she will bear the scar of the wound that nearly cost her her life. But in the love and tenderness of her husband, she has almost forgotten that terrible episode in her existence; and long ago forgiven the unfortunate who still leads a wasted, ruined life within the strong walls of a madhouse.

FEMININITIES.

Men do not like wives of buy-ways and cross ways.

If a lady can't weep for her lost husband she can wear watered silks at least.

The quiet fellow in the corner who lets rivals do all the talking, generally marries the girl.

A Mantua man bought a light axe because his wife was sick and could not chop well with a heavy one.

In the conception of Mahomet's paradise, there is no distinction between a perfect woman and an angel.

A man may very well afford to have gray hairs when a wife or sweetheart is too blind to distinguish them.

Many beautiful ladies, when walking out, seem angry if they are gazed at, but are sadly disappointed if they are not.

The man who had the last word in disputing with a woman, has advertised to whistle against a locomotive for a wager.

In almost every instance where a man marries a sensible woman, it is after he has met with a severe disappointment in not marrying a fool.

The proper time for a girl to marry is after she has counted up her cash and finds she has enough to support herself in case her husband turns politician.

Why there are more women than men is explained by De Quincey. "It is in conformity to the arrangements of nature; we always see more of heaven than of earth."

Wife, appealing to her husband in a feminine dispute—Douglas, dear, do you think I am generally bad-tempered? Husband—No, my dear; I think you are particularly so.

A lover's aspiration: The sky is blue again—blue as your precious eyes; and the raindrops hang upon the leaves as bright as the diamonds which I wish I were able to buy for you!

A woman witnessed an earthquake in Venezuela last month, and when the upheaval had ceased and the reverberation stopped, she exclaimed: "Oh, how sweet! It's too lovely for anything!"

In a country graveyard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, and only this inscription upon it: Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1869, aged 18 years.

A cheap revolver is a handy thing to have about the house. A Missourian drew one in a lottery, and when his wife tried to shoot him with it, it exploded and shattered her wrist so that her arm had to be amputated.

She said: "No, George; I love you just the same; but as our city relatives are coming next week, mother thinks you had better stay away, because your long hair and freckled face might make them think our acquaintances were not very high-toned." He is staying away.

There is a man in Harlem who says that if we reflected upon the number of Brigham Young's mothers-in-law, we should not hesitate to forgive his iniquities on account of the mighty vastness of his reparation. Our informant has just married his third wife, and all their maternal parents live in his house.

There is something inexpressibly thrilling in the sound of a bell at midnight, filling the soul with strange and gloomy fancies, more particularly if your mother-in-law said before leaving that if you were not in by ten you might stay out the rest of the night, as the door would be locked.

The Story of Anna and Peter.

Anna and Peter were always in mischief. One day they climbed to the top of a high wall. It was a fairy wall, and it grew higher and higher, until at last it went so high that they got frightened, for they did not know how they should get down again. So they held tight by each other and the wall, and began to cry.

But no one heard them. For they were far away from home; besides, they were as high up in the air as the top of a mountain.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Anna.

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed Peter.

And their eyes were red and their faces quite wet and dirty.

"I shall fall," said Peter.

"I can't hold on much longer," said Anna. And then they both sobbed "Oh! oh! oh!" again.

Then they heard a voice saying "Oh! oh! oh!" after them. Only it was not any one crying, for the "Oh! oh! oh!" had a very sweet sound.

They could not look round, for they dared not move their heads, and they dared not look down for fear of getting dizzy. But the voice seemed to be coming nearer. And so it was. For a fairy gate, with a tree beside it and a little bit of ground to stand upon, was shooting up in the air just as the wall had done. And when it was as high as the wall it stopped, and Peter and Anna saw that a boy was leaning against the gate. He was playing on a pipe, and that made the sound they had heard.

"I will play you a tune," said the boy. And he played so softly and sweetly that Peter and Anna left off crying.

"How did you come up?" asked Anna.

"On the gate," said the boy.

"How are you going down?" asked Peter.

"On the gate, to be sure," said the boy; "I have only to say—

> Gate, gate, let me go
> Far down to the earth below."

And as he said the words, down he went.

"Let us also try," said Anna.

> "Wall, wall, let us go
> Far down to the earth below."

Then down went the wall to the ground, and Peter and Anna slid off, and stood staring at the boy, who was still playing on his pipe.

"What do you want most?" asked the boy; "my pipe will bring anything I ask for."

"A silk frock with a flounce and a sash, and a bonnet with blue ribbons," said Anna, who was fond of fine clothes.

"A pair of leather reins to play at horses with," said Peter.

The boy played a lively tune, and before Anna could say "ready," she found herself dressed in a fine new frock: whilst Peter had the reins in his hands, and a new suit of clothes with a great frill and a round hat.

Then the boy said "Good-bye," and Peter and Anna went towards home.

"I will go this way," said Peter.

"I will go that," said Anna.

So they parted.

Anna, as she walked along, heard little feet behind her; and when she reached the steps leading to her home she looked round, and what was her surprise when she saw a large mouse dressed like a lady, with a parasol in its hands.

> "I am the Countess Mouse
> Coming to your house;
> With you I'll stay
> Every day,"

said the mouse.

Now Anna was afraid of mice, and she said, "But I do not want you; besides, we have a large cat that will eat you up."

"No, it will not; I am a fairy mouse, and I can eat up the cat if I please."

Anna was much frightened; this was truly a dreadful mouse.

"Go away! oh, go away!" she said.

"No," answered the mouse, "as long as you wear my clothes I shall stay with you and take care of them."

"They are not yours," said Anna, "a boy with a pipe gave them to me."

"But he piped to me for them," said the mouse; "I have wardrobes full at my castle. You are quite welcome to them; but I must see that you do not spoil them. I shall sit by you at dinner, and play with you, and walk out with you, and sleep on your pillow at night."

"Oh dear! oh dear!" said Anna; "I wish I had never asked for a silk frock."

"Shall I take them back?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! please, Countess Mouse, Take them all back to your house."

"Well, as you have made a rhyme, I will do so," said the mouse, and she slapped Anna's arm sharply with her parasol. Then Anna's new clothes fell off, and she found herself in her old cotton dress again. And the mouse grew larger and larger, and ran away to her castle with the silk frock and the grand bonnet.

Now whilst this was happening to Anna a queer looking man in a peaked hat and long overcoat said to Peter, "Shall I be your horse?"

"Yes," said Peter. And the man took the reins, and they went along merrily enough.

When they were close by his home, Peter said, "I am going in here."

But the man said—

> "No, no, you are going with me;
> These are my reins, you cannot get free."

"They cannot be yours," said Peter; "a boy with a pipe gave them to me."

"Ah, but he got them from me! I am a saddler, and have hundreds of them. And I want some little boys to help me make more."

"I don't want to go," said Peter.

But he could not loose the reins, and the man pulled him along faster and faster.

> "Oh! oh! oh! I should be glad,
> If these reins I hadn't had,"

said Peter.

"As you have made a rhyme," said the man, "I'll take them back, and you may go home."

Then the man hit Peter sharply with one end of the reins, and his new suit fell off, and he found himself in his old pinafore.

Then Peter went home and told Anna what had happened to him; and Anna told Peter all about the mouse, and they both thought that they had had a lucky escape.

Just then the boy with the pipe came down the street. And the pipe played these words—

> Keep out of mischief; you never know
> What may come to cause you woe;
> What you may think is very good fun,
> May give you trouble before you've done.

Then the boy turned round the corner of the street, and Anna and Peter never saw him again.

Rollo and His Master.

BY C. H.

Many years ago a very cross old gentleman lived in a large pleasant house in the country. He had a cross old yard-dog who barked discontentedly all day, while his master grumbled. Master and dog were very much alike in one matter—they had no friends. Rollo had barked them all away, and Squire Drew had grumbled them all away. They were alike in another particular also—both were old, and both were unhappy.

One fine spring morning, Mr. Drew walked round his grounds and into his yard, as was his custom, looking, if possible, more sour and miserable than ever. Something made him sit down on the yard bench, and take a letter out of his pocket to read. Perhaps it was the sunshine; perhaps the fact that Rollo was quiet for once, lying outside his kennel, with his nose well pointed to the door, not barking, but absolutely now and then softly wagging his tail. Mr. Drew did not notice this latter circumstance, however, he was so taken up with his letter. He sniffed audibly over it, and said "Stuff!" twice; and then he stuffed it into his pocket.

What was it to him that his only nephew and relation, John Drew, was dead, and that Mrs. Drew and her five children were left destitute? Was he to bother himself with a pack of children in his old age? A good idea that, indeed!

He looked up; Rollo had not moved, but his thick tail was going thud, thud on the yard stones. It was such an odd thing, his not barking, that Mr. Drew called out to his old stableman, Peter, to ask the reason.

Peter grinned. "He's got a family to look arter," he answered. "I thought I saw Carrots having a deal o' talk with him last week, and now the silly ou'd chap's let her take up his kennel with her five kittens."

Carrots was the old cat, and it was quite true—Rollo had lent her his roomy kennel as a nursery for her young family. No more barking now, no more grumbling, he had so much to do, settling the straw for the little Misses and Masters Carrots, and guarding them when anxious Mrs. Carrots ran to the scullery for her saucer of milk. Squire Drew could not help a smile.

Rollo was undoubtedly happier now than he had been for long, and his master must needs steal into the yard every now and then to watch the old dog helping the cat to wash and arrange her kittens.

"Seems as if the young things kept th' ould dog content," said Peter one day. "He's never barked in that fretty way since they came, and he do all but laugh at their *antticks*." This was Peter's way of pronouncing the word.

What made Squire Drew put his hand in his pocket at that minute and produce a crumpled black-edged letter?

"Five of them," he said to himself.

"Aye, five," said Peter, thinking the squire meant the kittens. But he didn't.

That afternoon Mr. Drew was very busy writing letters, ordering the old closed rooms up-stairs to be opened and cleaned, and then having a long talk with Mrs. Blair, his housekeeper.

What was to come of it all? This. Four days later a cab from Barleigh Station drew up to the door, out of which poured a black stream—a lady in black, a nurse in black, and five little black-frocked children—no, one was all in white, a wee, wee baby.

It was widowed Mrs. John Drew, with her five little ones, come to live with old Mr. Drew.

"Who ever could have put it into his crusty old head to ask them?" secretly wondered the old servants.

None of them guessed that it was Rollo. But it was.

And now it was difficult to say which was happiest, Rollo with the kittens scrambling over his back, and patting him with their soft paws, or Mr. Drew with his little great-nieces and nephews clambering on his knee, and making him smile with their foolish innocent questions.

Squire Drew never grumbles now, or very seldom, and Rollo rarely barks. Both have plenty to do watching over their little favorites; and if Rollo ever does bark, it is because strange dogs come too near his darlings, and if the squire ever does fret, it is because of some imaginary trouble that seems to be hovering over his new little family.

A Tiger Frightened by a Mouse.—Here is an anecdote of a tiger kept at the British Residency at Calcutta, India. What annoyed him far more than poking him up with a stick, or tantalising him with shins of beef or legs of mutton, was introducing a mouse into his cage. No fine lady ever exhibited more terror at the sight of a spider than this magificent royal tiger betrayed on seeing a mouse. The plan was to tie the little animal by a string to the end of a long pole, and thrust it close to the tiger's nose. The moment he saw it, he leaped to the opposite side; and when the mouse was made to run near him, he jammed himself into the corner, and stood trembling and roared terribly in an ecstacy of fear. Sometimes he had to pass over the spot where the unconscious little mouse ran backwards and forwards. For a long time, however, he would not move, till, at length, by the help of a squib, he was obliged to start; but, instead of pacing leisurely across his den, or of making a detour to avoid the object of his alarm, he generally took a kind of flying leap, so high as nearly to bring his back in contact with the roof of his cage.

The ancient lake-dwellers of Switzerland are supposed to be of African origin. One of the discoveries which point to this conclusion is the fact that the flax found in their dwellings does not belong to the species now generally cultivated, but to that which was cultivated in ancient Egypt.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKER.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"Oh, Mr. Harris!" and Willie Delevan's chubby fingers played restlessly with the gentleman's massive chain, while the childish face assumed an expression of wonderful importance, "you ought to have heard the Colonel make love to sister yesterday."

Frank Harris wanted to be honorable; but the boy's prattle was terribly fascinating, and it was only after a hard struggle that he strove to divert the tattler's attention from the subject in hand, to a curious seal-ring on his little finger.

"Yes, it's very pretty," said the child, unconcernedly, after a hasty glance at the article in question. "But that Colonel said lots of sweet things to Nell. He didn't know that I was listening in the shrubs;" and the tiny tell-tale stopped with a triumphant chuckle.

"What did Nellie say?" asked his auditor, forgetting everything to know the reply of his betrothed.

"Well, they walked off just about then, so I didn't hear any more; but Miss Jones says that Nell's dead in love with him, and you ought to be man enough to make her have you. But you will make her, won't you? I hate the Colonel, and don't want him for a brother."

Willie Delevan was certainly never intended for a diplomatist, for every word was a stab to the manly heart which, of all others, he least wished to wound, and each word a death-blow levelling his own desires; but unconscious of all this, he continued, perseveringly, "She cried last night and kissed his picture. I saw her. May be she'll cry to-day; but don't you let her off, no matter what she does."

Just then the door opened and Nellie entered, with a winning blush and welcoming smile. Her brother slipped from his perch on his favorite's knee, and walked demurely out of the room.

"What's the matter, Frank? Are you getting ready for a funeral?" asked his lady-love, with a merry laugh, noticing the gloom which overspread his features.

"No, Miss Delevan," he answered calmly, thinking it best to settle the matter immediately. "But circumstances, unnecessary to explain, render the dissolving of our engagement expedient. Have I your permission to consider it at an end?"

Nellie, innocent of all wrong, and unconscious of her brother's misconstructions, turned very pale, and for a moment stood like one petrified, then, summoning pride to her aid, replied coldly, "Assuredly, sir. Here is your ring," nervously removing the flashing solitaire. "Your letters I will return as quickly as possible. May I request the same favor?"

"Certainly, Miss Delevan!" and with a courteous "Good morning," Frank Harris departed, striving with all the might of a noble soul, to stifle his own anguish with thoughts of the happiness he had conferred upon one dearer far than self.

And Nellie? With an aching heart, which neither pride nor indignation could ease, but which both successfully endeavored to conceal, she resumed her unlettered condition, attended different entertainments with her friends, and strove in every way to show Frank Harris her indifference. But the gentleman was seldom present on those occasions; and Dame Rumor, whose inquisitive mind continually manages to discover something, reported that his renouncement of society was owing entirely to Nell Delevan, who severed their engagement, and almost broke his heart. She, knowing how false were these explanations, fruitlessly wondered.

"Oh, Mr. Harris!" exclaimed the cause of all this perplexity to our hero one afternoon—some weeks after—while returning from school; "how glad I am to meet you! Where have you been all this time?"

Frank clasped the little fellow's hand cordially, and he continued, without waiting a reply: "I've got a tremendous Newfoundland pup, and was wishing you could see him. I asked sister Nell last night where I could send you word about it, but she snapped me up like fun; and ma said she should think Frank might come and see his mother's friend, but old women weren't of any account now-a-days, and—Well, you'll come and see her now, won't you?"

Frank was at first inclined to refuse; but the longing to see Nellie, even though another's, was so intense that he decided to act according to the boy's pleasure.

Nellie was alone in the sitting room, whither Willie ushered his friend.

"Nell, here's Mr. Harris, come to see my new dog and ma. Where is she?"

The blood rushed to her face in crimson torrents as she bowed to the gentleman, and informed her brother of Mrs. Delevan's absence.

"Well, it's no matter," hastily interrupted the incorrigible. "Just wait here a minute till I get Fido."

And before a word could be interposed, the estranged lovers were left alone.

Nellie, determined not to be disconcerted, ventured a remark upon the weather, and an embarrassed conversation ensued, which, to their great satisfaction, was interrupted by Willie's entrance with his canine pet.

"Let me see," he began musingly, after the animal had been admired to his heart's content. "Why, Mr. Harris, I haven't seen you since—since—since the day I told you not to let that hateful Colonel marry Nell!"

"Willie!" interrupted his sister quite reprovingly, while the crimson dyed the very roots of her hair.

"Well, what are you 'Willy'-ing me for? I did ask him not to, but might just as well have spared my breath. What do you think, Mr. Harris? Nellie told Miss Jones that she hated that horrid Colonel, and wouldn't marry him any way—I heard her."

Frank's face was one glow of joy; but Nellie fearing, she scarcely knew what, from her brother's loquacity, said hastily, "Willie, you had better take Fido into his kennel."

"Yes, in a minute. But, Mr. Harris, that wasn't the Colonel's picture at all she kissed—'twas yours;" and snatching up his pet with a jubilant laugh he skipped out of the room.

"Nellie," said Frank, advancing to where she stood, "is this so? Don't you love the Colonel? and didn't you kiss his picture?"

She looked into his face, all aglow with hopeful love, and trembled.

"Mr. Harris, I consider your queries simply impertinent——"

"Before you condemn," he interrupted imploringly, "listen. Willie told me that he heard the Colonel declare his love to you, and that evening saw you kiss his picture and cry over it. Could I, who loved you better than life stand in the way of your happiness? No. So, without giving any reason, I broke off our engagement, and you were free—and I thought happy. Heaven knows my misery!"

Nellie was weeping, but her head was on his shoulder. Just then Willie entered, looked a moment, and with a low, prolonged whistle left them to their restored happiness.

A Great Victory.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

Mr. Busbee Grindem was a wealthy banker of New York. His business was large and flourishing, and his profits were immense. Altogether, Mr. Bisbee Grindem was a power in Wall Street, and his importance was daily felt by those who had any dealings in that noted thoroughfare.

The head clerk of Busbee Grindem's bank was a very different man from his employer. He was a kind-hearted, generous fellow, of about thirty, and much liked by all who knew him. His business qualities were of the first order, and his friends frequently wondered that he did not attempt to establish himself in business. But there was no present necessity for this, as Mr. Grindem, finding that his success was in a very great degree due to Mr. Clark, gave him a salary more than sufficient to support him, in order to retain his services.

Mr. Grindem seldom left his business. Wealthy as he was, he thought he could not afford to do that. Upon one occasion, however, he was called away, and was gone for a week. During his absence the bank was left in charge of Mr. Clark.

Mr. Grindem returned on the day he had appointed. He hadn't been in his office long, before Mr. Clark received a message to attend him.

He knew, when he entered, that something had gone wrong.

"How is this, Clark?" asked the banker, sharply. "I find that Wilson & Co.'s bill, which was due on the twentieth, was not paid until the twenty-second. How did it happen?"

"Mr. Wilson came to me during your absence," replied Mr. Clark, "and asked for two days' additional time. He assured me that if he was forced to pay the bill on the twentieth, he would lose very heavily, and asked, as an especial favor, that he might have two days more. He gave good security, and secured you against loss. I granted his request, feeling sure that you would not object to doing a kindness for such a house as Wilson & Co."

The banker knit his brows at this last observation. He could not understand the term "doing a kindness."

"Mr. Clark," said Mr. Grindem, slowly and coldly, "you have no right to grant any such request. The money owed by Wilson & Co. was legally due to me on the twentieth, and should have required them to pay a heavier interest on it for the other two days. It was a large sum, and the additional interest would have been worth having. Besides this, Wilson and Co. might have failed before the twenty-second."

"But they gave the best security in the city, sir, and paid what I considered a fair interest."

"That makes no difference. You had no right to alter my arrangements without my consent. This is not the first time you have done so. In this matter you have made me lose a handsome profit. How can I trust a man that shows so little regard for my interest?"

"Mr. Grindem," said Mr. Clark, flushing, "I had no idea that you would be so close with such men as Wilson & Co. It is to your own interest to accommodate them, and I thought you could better afford to lose the interest on the money than to offend them."

"What business had you to think anything about it, sir?" Mr. Grindem was growing very angry now. "It was your business to see that the bill was either paid or protested."

"I regret to have displeased you sir," said Mr. Clark, firmly, yet respectfully. "But I cannot think I have done wrong. When you are cooler, you will think so, too."

"Enough of this, sir," said Mr. Grindem; suddenly restraining his wrath, and speaking very coldly. "I have no further use for your services. At the end of the month you may look out for another situation."

"Very good, sir," replied Mr. Clark. "If it is as agreeable to you, I prefer leaving at once."

"You can do so," replied Mr. Grindem; "but you will forfeit this month's salary, and I shall refuse to recommend you to any other house."

Without another word Mr. Clark left the office.

Mr. Grindem was sorry before the day was over that he had been so foolish. But he had acted from the impulse of passion, and, being a proud man, was not willing to acknowledge his fault. During the week, however, he was sorely tempted to ask Mr. Clark to come back; but towards the close of it he found that it was too late. Passing down Wall street, he saw a new office opened, and over the door was the name of Gabriel Clark. The next day he learned that the young man had commenced business on capital lent him by Wilson & Co.

Time passed on, and the new house prospered.

In ten years Mr. Clark was one of the wealthiest bankers in Wall Street.

When the great crisis of 1857 came on, in which so many commercial houses found shipwreck, that of Mr. Clark was among the few which stood fire.

The crisis shook even the strong house of Busbee Grindem; and, when the proud banker came to look for aid in his troubles he could find no one who cared whether he succeeded, or was ruined. In the midst of his troubles he thought of applying to Mr. Clark. He had never met that gentleman since he had discharged him; and it cost him a struggle to go to him for aid now. But anything was better than utter ruin.

Mr. Clark was, indeed, greatly surprised when Mr. Grindem came to him for assistance.

"I want twenty thousand dollars for ninety days," said the latter. "That, together with what I have already, will carry me through this danger."

"When do you want it?" asked Mr. Clark, absently.

"By twelve o'clock to-morrow. Can you let me have it?"

Mr. Clark made no answer, but sat gazing at the floor, and drumming upon the table in an absent manner.

The question was repeated, but no reply came, and at last Mr. Grindem arose and left the room.

Mr. Clark did not seem to notice his absence, but sat drumming upon the table, and gazing at the floor. When he raised his head, he was astonished to find himself alone. Mr. Grindem, the clerks said, had been gone half an hour.

The next morning Mr. Grindem went to his office with a heavy heart. He had not succeeded in raising the money he needed, and he knew not what to do. He was surprised by the entrance of Mr. Clark. That gentleman came up to his desk, and laid a slip of paper on it.

"When you discharged me from your service ten years ago, Mr. Grindem," he said quietly, "I determined to be revenged upon you, and make you regret your act. I have never had an opportunity to do so until now. I have it in my power now to save you from ruin, and I will avail myself of the occasion. Here is a check for the money you need. I hope it has not come too late."

The Shark.—In the United States Service Museum, Whitehall Yard, London, Eng., are exhibited the jaws of a shark, wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibition is as follows: A ship on her way to the West Indies fell in with and chased a suspicious looking craft, which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit, the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured and taken into Port Royal to be tried as a slaver. In the absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention. While the subject was under discussion a vessel came into port, which had followed closely in the track of the chase just described. She had caught a shark, and in its stomach was found a box, which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned. The written account is attached to the box.

A Singular Quarrel.—"It is much easier to get into a quarrel than to get out of it." In the year 1005, some soldiers of the Commonwealth of Modena, Italy, ran away with a *bucket* from a public well belonging to the State of Bologna. This implement might be worth a shilling, but it produced a quarrel, which was worked up into a long and sanguinary war. Henry, the King of Sardinia, assisted the Modenese to keep possession of the bucket, and in one of the battles he was a prisoner. His father, the Emperor, offered a chain of gold that would encircle Bologna, which is seven miles in compass, for his son's ransom, but in vain. After twenty-two years' imprisonment he pined away! His monument is now extant in the church of the Dominicans. This fatal bucket is still exhibited in the tower of the cathedral of Modena, enclosed in an iron cage.

The Chinese are often compelled to make their dwellings in large boats on the rivers. An officer in the navy says he observed one of these, who kept ducks for a living, practice an odd piece of ingenuity. In the day time the ducks were permitted to float about, but in the night-time they were carefully collected. The man, when the night set in, gave a whistle, when the ducks always flew towards him with violent speed, so that they were invariably gathered in a minute. How do you suppose he had educated his flock so effectually? He always beat the last duck.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Care Around the Home.—See that the sink water is carried away from the well, and not allowed to soak into the ground near by. Neglect of this is the fruitful cause of typhoid fever and diptheria. Also, clear decayed vegetables out from the cellar, scatter chloride of lime about, and throw wide open the cellar windows. The walls should be thoroughly whitewashed.

Washing Sheep.—To wash the wool on the sheep's back is not a profitable practice. The wool is not half washed, and the difference in price will not pay for the loss in weight, to say nothing of the trouble and risk for both man and flock. If the sheep be kept reasonably clean and the wool free from rubbish, it will be found better than having to wash them to get rid of the unnecessary filth.

"Ensilage."—In Natal, South Africa, grass is kept in a moist state for months by being buried in pits, the process being called "ensilage." A pit is dug in the ground in a dry situation, and filled with freshly cut grass, which is packed closely down, and then covered with a thick layer of soil to exclude the air. Grass thus preserved is apparently unchanged in its nutritive properties; cattle consume it with avidity, and thrive on it.

Plants and Their Treatment.—Pansies require a cool moist atmosphere to do well. It is hardly possible to grow them in the house in summer. It is best to give the calla a pretty large pot. One six to eight inches in diameter is quite small enough for an ordinary sized calla. If a rose is potted and left exposed to the sun before the roots have formed, the plant will be very likely to show feebleness, and wilt. Place a newly-potted plant in a cool place until the new roots fill the pot.

A New Weevil.—The Cambridge Entomological club notes the recent introduction into the United States of a weevil which devours the foliage of many beautiful plants, and suggests to florists who have been troubled with it that it will be for their advantage to search at this time of the year in the flowerpots and in all waste soil about their hothouses for the larvæ and pupæ of these pests. The larvæ, which feed upon roots, are now pupating, and the destruction of each individual prevents the laying of a large number of eggs.

Administering Medicine to Horses.—As it is generally useless to try to persuade a horse to take medicine voluntarily, owing to his inability to appreciate its advantages, combined with his dislike for the taste, mechanical means are resorted to. An ingenious apparatus in this line has just been invented. It consists of a wooden gag bit, which is placed in the horse's mouth and attached to the headstall. By pulling a cord, the gag is turned by levers, compelling the animal to open its mouth. The stem of the medicine receptacle, which looks like an exaggerated tobacco pipe, is then inserted in the bit and clamped therein. Then by opening a valve in the receptacle, the medicine previously placed therein runs down the animal's throat. Also in the stem is a kind of fork, which, when a pill is to be administered, holds the same until it is washed down by a charge of water poured into the bowl.

Glazed Pots for Plants.—Glazed pots for plants are condemned by most writers. The majority of these writers are greenhouse men, or those with but little experience in growing plants in the dry air of our parlors and living rooms. In a greenhouse the air contains much more moisture than that in our living rooms, and in watering, those in glazed pots would naturally receive the same supply as others in common porous pots alongside. The evaporation from the porous pots would be much more rapid than from the glazed, and the one would be comparatively dry while the other would be still wet. The next watering repeats this process, and the result is quickly seen. The plant in the glazed pot perishes at once, or drags out a miserable existence. Glazed pots can be used with good results in the parlor or living room. If the drainage is good, so the surplus can pass off, there are many plants that will grow well in them. Palms, ferns, and many of the ornamental-foliaged plants will succeed well.

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WHITE JASMINE.

White jasmine stretches far and wide,
Along the gray wall's southern side
Its graceful branches wreathe;
And winds of summer sweet and low,
Among its verdure and its snow,
Their tender music breathe.

The garden beds that once were gay,
And fragrant all the summer day,
Are empty and forlorn;
The hungry bees afar have flown,
The gravel walks are weed-o'ergrown,
The trellis-rose is torn.

Within the house, each empty room
Is shut in silent, rayless gloom,
With cheerless hearthstone cold;
No pictures smile upon the wall,
No single trace is left of all
We cherished so of old.

But in the southern sunshine bright,
And by the jasmine, clad in white,
A youthful maiden stands,
With lips that speak of sad unrest;
A bunch of daisies on her breast,
And jasmine in her hands.

With farewell looks of aching love,
Her brown eyes wander round, above,
It is a sacred spot;
The home of girlish grief and mirth,
The home whence dearest dead went forth
To share earth's common lot.

Ah, maiden! as the jasmine snow
Doth vanish, so the years that go
Will take this grief away;
Will give thee older woes as sure,
As strong and deep, if not so pure,
As this of thine to-day.

Yet let the daisies on thy breast
Teach thee that life's sourest rest
In humble paths doth lie;
And let the jasmine in thine hand
Whisper of fairer blossoms fanned
By sweetest airs on high.

Fear not to muse when far away
How summer sunshine gilds each day
These lonely garden bowers;
How sweetly yet the thrushes call,
How climb about the old gray wall
Thine own loved jasmine flowers.

So may the memory of this home,
Thy first and dearest, ever come
With healing strength to thee;
To mind thee by its vanished grace
Of one prepared abiding place,
From sound of farewell free!

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER II—[CONTINUED.]

"But you shall not marry him without money, Mab, be sure of that. And he has not a half-penny."

"He is his aunt's heir. He will have Whiteladies. If he had nothing I should love him all the same."

"I dare say, and marry him, and raise up a whole family of beggars to come after you. I am thankful I found it out in time."

"What have you found out? I don't understand."

"That Arthur Dallas has no part in his aunt's will. I know it. Don't look so dazed, girl. It is true. His name is not mentioned in the document."

"I don't believe it."

"Whether you do or not, it is a fact. I went to Whiteladies and put the question to Mrs. Dallas direct, whether he was to be her heir or not."

"And she said 'yes?'"

"She said her property was her own to do as she pleased with—that we had been taking her nephew's heirship for granted, and we must abide by the consequences if we were disappointed. She is an insolent old woman, and I hope I shall never see her face again. So all this nonsense must end, my girl. You must marry money, and forget you ever saw Dallas."

"I shall never do that," said Mabel, decisively."

Her self-command was giving way now, and her tears were falling.

"Nothing you can say will make me give up the hope of being Arthur's wife. Nothing in this world will make me marry anybody else."

"Nonsense," the Colonel replied. "You will do exactly what I please. I say you shall not marry this penniless imposter, for he is nothing else, and what I say I mean. Am I to be opposed by a chit like you? Things are come to a pretty pass when a girl of eighteen is to say she will and she won't to her father."

"I can wait," Mabel said, resolutely. "In three years I shall be free to act for myself, and we can be faithful for three years, Arthur and I. But I must see him. I must hear from his own lips the truth or falsehood of this story."

"You shall not see him again, with my sanction," the Colonel replied. "When I say a thing must end, it must."

"Papa, you will break my heart."

"Tush, Mab! Don't talk like that! Be a woman. Before you are out of sight of England it will have mended again. If I were rich enough for it to be of no consequence who you married, you should go your own way; but I must have money—you know that—and your face must help me to it."

Poor Mabel! Her pretty face, with all her fresh young beauty, was hidden in her hands now, and she was weeping pitifully. She had no idea what had arisen to make her father speak as he did, or how he had come by the knowledge of what he had stated, but she had had plenty of experience of his iron rule, and the arbitrary fashion in which he acted in her life with him on the Continent. He had frightened her by his manner and his strange words, but the tears did her good, and she lifted her head presently to appeal to him again to let her speak to Arthur.

To her horror and surprise, she found she was a prisoner. He had locked her in the room and gone out, doubtless to seek Arthur and speak to him as he had said he would. She did not like to call out and let the people of the house know her humiliating position, so she sat waiting her father's return, in silence.

Presently he came back, hard and stern as ever, and took her upstairs to her own room.

"Pack up," he said, "and quickly. In an hour a carriage will be here to take us away!"

CHAPTER III.

A CRUMB OF COMFORT.

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day.
—*Shakespeare.*

Arthur Dallas stared at the retreating forms of Colonel Leslie and his daughter, feeling as though the world were suddenly coming to an end.

"What on earth does the old lunatic mean," he muttered, "taking Mab away in that fashion? What have I done to him, I wonder? Ah, well, she'll tell me all about it to-morrow. My darling, my darling, whatever shall I do without you!"

He fell to thinking of how dreary the time would seem when Mabel had sailed away to India, and to planning all sorts of excuses for taking an overland passage to Bombay to see her. The minutes flew by in his reverie, and the colonel found him almost in the same spot where he had left him. He would have spoken as he came up, but was stopped by the frigid manner of Mabel's father, who repulsed him by both tone and look.

"I came for a word with you, Mr. Dallas," he said, coldly.

"Mr. Dallas!" And it had been "Arthur, my boy," only the night before. What could it mean?"

"I am at your service, sir," he replied, with equal stiffness. "What do you want with me?"

"Doubtless you can guess."

"Indeed, I cannot."

"I have been telling my daughter that all this nonsense between you two must be ended at once."

"Ended! Between Mabel and me!"

"Miss Leslie for the future, if you please."

"Oh, Miss Leslie—Mabel—what you will. But what on earth does all this mean? What has happened?

"Not much, only the truth has come to my knowledge at last—only just in time, as it seems."

"What truth?—what knowledge? In heaven's name, speak out," said the young man, getting in a rage, for he was all in the dark as to what the colonel was talking about. "What calumny have you heard concerning me that makes you talk in this mysterious fashion? Out with it, and then maybe I shall understand a little what you mean."

"You carry it with a high hand, Mr. Dallas. I have only found out to-day the false pretences under which you came a-wooing to my Mabel. I cannot give my daughter to a penniless adventurer. She can do better in her marriage venture than that."

"Every word you utter, Colonel Leslie, only bewilders me more and more. Since when have I been a 'penniless adventurer'—I think that was your word—or sought your daughter under false pretences?"

"Since the first hour we knew you. You came to us as your aunt's heir—the future owner of Whiteladies."

"I never boasted that I was either. You chose to assume it. But it is no bragging to say that I am. It is no secret."

"But it is bragging, Mr. Dallas. You are neither."

Arthur Dallas laughed—not merrily, for he was provoked and disgusted at the open greed displayed in the colonel's words—but he did laugh—a genuine laugh—at the idea.

"I don't know what you got into your head, colonel," he said, "but I assure you, unless I forfeit my aunt's good opinion in some signal way, Whiteladies will be mine some day, and Mabel its mistress. You know that."

"I know that it will not. You are no more heir of Whiteladies than I am. If you doubt me, get the truth from Mrs. Dallas herself. I have."

"Did she tell you this extraordinary story?"

"She confirmed it, which was all I wanted. I put the question to her point-blank."

"I think I must be going mad," said the young man, with a dazed look. "I never heard such an extraordinary statement. But, supposing such an absurd story were true, it would make no difference in my love for Mabel, or hers for me. You would not part us for the sake of money?"

"Money is necessary, unfortunately, Mr. Dallas. Mabel and I are quite agreed on that point. I will never give her to a penniless man. There must be an end to all this fooling!"

"Mabel agrees that we must part?"

"Certainly. She has no taste for poverty."

"Where is she?" said Arthur Dallas, wildly. "Let me see her—let me hear this avowal from her own lips! Why, scarce an hour since she told me, here on this spot, that nothing but death should part us."

The colonel smiled scornfully.

"Mabel is a woman," he said. "When she said that she did not know your true position. She knows it now, and will abide by my wishes in the matter."

"But I must see her. I will not believe that she can give me up unless I hear it from her own lips."

"When you see her she will confirm what I have said. I have nothing further to say, Mr. Dallas, except to wish you a very good morning."

He lifted his hat and walked away, leaving Arthur feeling as if he were turning into stone. What could it all mean?

Surely the colonel was taking leave of his senses, or was the victim of some practical joke. Not his aunt's heir? What nonsense! And how had Mabel's father got hold of the notion? Could the man Gregg have anything to do with it? He would go to Whiteladies and ask Mrs. Dallas if she had said or done anything to set such a report afloat, and beg her to set Colonel Leslie's mind at rest upon the subject.

He went, and found his aunt in an odd and incomprehensible humor. She would satisfy him upon no subject, and told him plainly she would not speak a word to undo the mischief that somebody had evidently done.

"Neither father or daughter are worth the snap of a finger if they believe all they hear," she said. "If that is all the girl's love for you is worth, you are better without her, my boy. 'Whistle her down the wind,' and if you must marry, take somebody that wants you for yourself, not for Whiteladies."

"I can't believe that Mabel is mercenary," said Arthur, despondently. "I don't believe her father told the truth when he said that she agreed with him upon the subject."

"Very likely not. I should say he seldom did," said Mrs. Dallas grimly. "Let them go, Arthur; they are not worthy to share your name."

"Mabel is worthy to be a queen. She is goodness itself."

"Oh, I daresay! She has all her father's goodness and her own, too, and he comes short in consequence. You didn't say where he heard this piece of news, if, indeed, he didn't invent it. He's capable of it."

"I don't know, but I fancy a man named Gregg is at the bottom of it. He called on the colonel this morning, and I fancy you know him. Does he know anything of your affairs?"

Mrs. Dallas laughed, with a malicious twinkle in her keen gray eyes.

"I'm not going to be pumped," she said. "I do know Gregg, and I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't believe anything he says. He's the worthiest disciple the Father of Lies ever had. If he says a thing is white, believe it is black till you see it, and then take your eyesight with a reservation."

Nothing could be got out of Mrs. Dallas when she was in this mood, and her nephew knew that only too well. So he took his leave, and walked back to Kingcoim, very heavy hearted, in spite of the effort he made to believe that all would come right yet. Just outside the town he met a welcome face—his aunt's lawyer, her adviser and friend for many years, who had come down from London to consult with her about some compensation from a railway which was passing through a corner of her property.

Mr. Montagu had known Arthur from a boy, and greeted him warmly.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "You look a perfect Knight of the Rueful Countenance. Have you and your aunt been falling out?"

"No; but I am perplexed and worried. The most incomprehensible thing——"

And linking his arm in that of the lawyer's, Arthur Dallas walked back with him towards Whiteladies, and told him all that had happened, and how his aunt would neither deny nor confirm Colonel Leslie's assertion.

"She's a dear old lady," Mr. Montagu said, when he had heard it all, "and the most clear-headed and businesslike woman I know; but she does like to be provoking. Set your heart at rest, my dear boy; the gentleman had some other reason for doing what he has done. His statement is simply false."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite. Your aunt has made her will. Whiteladies and all its belongings will be yours some day. She said so to me a hundred times. Unless she has altered her mind within the last few days, you are her heir. Why, she is continually saying to me, 'When Arthur is master here,' and things of that sort. She is arranging everything with a view to your enjoying them after her. I have known that for many years. She loves you, my lad, though she is eccentric and aggravating sometimes."

"She is especially so to-day. I can't make her out."

"She does not like this love affair of yours. I can tell you that much. I shouldn't wonder if she hasn't some hand in spreading the report which the colonel yonder has heard. It is either that, or the gentleman has other views in his head for his daughter, and thinks he can do better with her. I may speak plainly to you, my boy. Shall I tell you my opinion of this affair?"

"With all my heart!"

"I think you are well out of it. The colonel, as he calls himself—I don't believe in his rank a bit—is a thorough-paced scoundrel, whatever his daughter may be!"

"Mabel is an angel!"

"Oh, of course. You are in love," said the lawyer, with a smile.

"You would say so if you knew her. I sometimes wonder how it is possible she can be that man's child. He shall not part us, Mr. Montagu. He told me that Mabel saw the propriety of our separating, and was willing; but he lied—I am sure he did!"

"Very likely. It is the custom of men of his class. And he can separate you until the young lady is of age, but you can afford to wait till then. She is not worth a thought if she won't be true for a year or two."

"Three years."

"She'd wait all her life if she loved you," Mr. Montagu said. "See her, my boy, if you are determined to marry her, and don't go by anything her father says. Set your heart at rest about the inheritance. That will come to you, never fear."

"It will be all nothing to me without Mabel."

"Perhaps not. But it will be a very comfortable living, nevertheless," was the lawyer's parting remark, and Arthur was lightened enough by his encouragement to smile back at him as they parted, and take his way into town with a lighter heart.

"Of course, I will see Mabel," he said to himself. "I was so startled and taken aback this morning that I hardly know what I said to him. Montagu must be right, and he has some other motive. He shall not make my bonnie Mabel false to me with lies and trumped up stories."

He made his way to the street where the colonel had lodgings, in such a brown study that he did not see that the windows of the house he occupied were open, the curtains hanging out, and all the other symptoms of a grand clear up visible. He walked up the steps, and rang the bell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The all engrossing question of toilette articles for garden parties and other summer galeties, still absorb the thoughts of the many fair votaries of fashion and summer pleasure. There is but little new to chronicle in the weekly changes of fashion, which we may consider as divided into two extensive dominions, in one of which we find predominating the elaborate and dressy toilette with the long, graceful train; while in the other, the short costume with its various accessories, reigns supreme. The general style of both has been quite clearly defined for the summer season, and the changes which are visible in either, from week to week, are only those which result from the use of the boundless variety of exquisite summer fabrics, which inspires dame Fashion's mind with fresh fantasie which gives some charming and original accessory to our dress. It leads one only to a bewildering confusion of ideas to attempt to specify by any determinate idea to what period we can associate the present styles, for Fashion's caprice has apparently culled the extravagances of the different periods of the past and united with them those of the present. There is a melange of the Louis XIV, Louis XV, the first Republic, and the first Empire, and if by the past we are to be guided in the future, what can we expect? Perhaps the huge crinoline will take the place of the close-clinging, sheath-like dress. But we will not anticipate too much, and content ourselves with what is with us just now.

Although the short costume has established itself quite firmly, it has not banished the long princesse style with the close-clinging lines and graceful drapery, which still has its popularity for certain materials and uses; but in the various plates which represent the dominant styles, the really short costume is an exception only to the rule.

Wash materials are among the most popular of summer fabrics, and are sought after for the simple costume, or for an elaborate, in its embroidery or lace trimmings. Among those I have lately seen were the following, which are sufficiently plain to guide my readers in making others, and at the same time I may add that one can vary the trimming and material, and still preserve the style of the original:

A dark green cambric has two pleatings on the skirt, each one turned up with a hem of the same; the tunic is turned up in the *lavease*, or washerwoman style, and bordered by a wide band of Indienne, which is cotton, printed in Persian pattern, and outlined with gold thread in the centre; in the back the tunic is caught by a bow of ribbon, and falls, forming two revers bordered by the Indienne. The yoke jacket is fastened down the front by pearl buttons; the edge is bordered by a band of the Indienne, which also forms the cuffs and yoke; the jacket is belted in by a belt and pearl buckle.

A pink cambric has a plain skirt; the tunic is *a laveuse* turned up, with red cambric; two long and square breadths form the back, bordered by a band of red; the ends are left open half way up, where they are caught together by a shorter breadth, which is gathered so as to form a ruffle. The yoke jacket is belted in, the yoke being red, and bordered by a band of embroidery which is sewn flat to stand upward; a band of red extends down each side of the front.

A very stylish costume is of twilled cream foulard. On the edge of the skirt is a gathered ruffle, above which is a pleating ornamented with a row of Russian lace and insertion; on the back breadths of this skirt three of these pleatings are placed. The tunic is a full round apron, which forms a puff in the back; a pleating similar to those on the skirt borders the tunic all around; in the back it forms the bottom of the puff, and leaves a space above the top pleating on the skirt. The bodice is in the cuirasse form in front, cut up the sides in a point, and forming coat basques in the back; a pleating trimmed with lace and insertion is inserted at the sides, and is carried around under the front.

In woollen fabrics I think the following will be found desirable models for simple and tasteful costumes:

A fancy material in beige and almond shade; the skirt is bordered by a ruffle bound each side with brown silk, and box-pleated through the centre; the princesse polonaise is draped loosely across the front, and caught at the sides by large bows of brown silk; a brown fringe trims the edge of the polonaise all around. In the back, on each side of the tournure, three rows of brown silk loops are placed—three in each row, and each loop about three inches wide, the bottom row being edged with fringe; a double row of similar loops forms a collar, and ornaments the sleeves.

Among the most popular materials for autumn will be cashmere, which will appear in all the soft, pretty shades suitable for that season, while in the variety of trimmings, striped silk will be used, with a careful regard for a harmonious blending of colors. A dark mouse gray cashmere is combined with a silk, in which the stripes are old gold and dark blue. White barege has become so popular that it has been used for brides costumes, its soft, graceful folds producing a charming effect in combination with white satin.

Before leaving the discussion of dress, I must not omit telling my readers of the great reduction in goods made by Mr. Wanamaker, and with the facilities offered by our purchasing agency, my readers will have no difficulty in procuring some desirable bargains. All wool buntings, double width, which were 91 per yard, are marked 50 cents and 75 cents a yard; others 40 cents. Then there is an immense variety of dress goods, fancy colors and styles, for 10, 12 and 18 cents a yard, which were double those prices at the opening of the season. To this is added a variety of nanties and fichus, all marked down to give place for new autumn novelties.

I must not omit a little discussion of the bonnet and hat question, and a few descriptions of the latest productions by our modistes may prove interesting.

A bonnet entirely of white plaited muslin. Choose your shape, round crown and flat brim. After having lined the shape with white muslin, you edge the brim with a row of white pearls. The brim you can cover with a plaiting, which must be as wide as the brim itself; the crown is covered with a puff of muslin; the curtain is formed of four or five rows of plaited muslin; a bow of satin ribbon in front of the crown, and over this a bunch of flowers, with foliage to fall over the back. Strings of muslin, edged with a plaiting, and which are brought forward and fastened in front like a bonn. Very pretty for the country, this bonnet, and not expensive.

Another Diadem shape. The diadem, as usual, covered with black velvet; the crown covered with black lace puff, and this again covered with gold leaves and fruit. From the back come two long and wide ends of black lace, which after being crossed under the chin, are carried again to the back, where they are loosely tied together, *a l'Alsacienne*.

A "Rabagas" of white straw. Brim lined with black velvet, and filled in with a very full wreath of flowers and foliage. Strings of black velvet, and black velvet bow in front of crown.

Spanish shape of black velvet, left side turned up and filled in with a deep red rose. Black feather around the crown, and falling very low over right side of brim. Bows of black velvet to fasten the feather to the hat.

"Melon" shape straw hat. Crown surrounded with velvet folds. Bow of velvet at the side, with metal feather run through the bow.

"Chinese Pagoda" hat of white straw. Fringe of colored worsted balls around the brim and around the crown. This is for the garden, country or seaside, and is to be worn with white or flowered cambric dresses.

"Baby" straw bonnet, either white or black. For sole trimming, an Alsatian bow of black velvet, satin, or faille over front of brim. The ribbon must be very large, and the two ends long enough to fall over the back. The bonnet is thus almost concealed by the bow. This is very becoming.

An ordinary toque of black straw, covered with a *clair-de-lune* gauze scarf, long enough to encircle neck. Metal feather to match, to be run through the scarf in front.

A straw plate, curved *a la Gipsy*. A very narrow ribbon of black velvet or colored satin is passed straight over the crown and brim, to be tied under the chin. Over the brim, around the crown, a band of feathers. You may make this of any color. You may also dispense with the crown and brim ribbon, if you will; only bend down the brim at the sides in gipsy fashion.

The new shape. Tyrol crown of black straw, very high. Around this a very deep brim, turned up over the crown in front like a very high diadem, and sloping gradually downward to the back, where the brim is curved down on the neck. Around the crown, between it and the brim, a very wide white ostrich feather. This hat is worn at the back of the head like the sailor.

There, I think you have a goodly list to copy from.

The hair is dressed in two styles for evening wear—the Grecian and the Roman. Both are equally becoming. The forehead fringe is retained with both. It is too becoming to be left off so easily.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—ED.]

Something About Cold Leg of Mutton.—A few years ago the leading comic journal of the day had the following graphic little sketch:

A middle-aged gentleman leaving his house door in the morning, inquired:

"What is there for dinner to-day?" Mary.

"Cold mutton, sir."

"Tell your mistress that she need not wait dinner for me."

Now, although this sounds exceedingly selfish, yet the blame is not entirely due to one side only.

You have all probably read that exquisite little sketch in David Copperfield, who mildly addresses his child-wife as follows: "You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over, and that the day before I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat undone veal in a hurry; to-day I don't dine at all; and I'm afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and then the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

Unfortunately, this is only a slight exaggeration of what goes on every day in many houses throughout the country. What housekeepers should strive at is to get a nice little savory dinner, and yet at the same time to be economical. We will now take a simple case to illustrate our point, and suppose that the larder contains the remains of a cold leg of mutton.

We will suppose the time of year to be early summer. A good many young wives under these circumstances would simply order a cucumber, and think that everything had been done that was necessary; or some, still worse, would order the cook to hash the remains of the mutton—and a nice hash they make of it, in another sense of the word; for who has not at times seen that dreadful dish of immense size, covered often with hard slices of mutton, the whole swimming in a quantity of thin broth—we cannot call it gravy—in which slices of onions vie with sodden toast as to which shall look the least inviting?

Now, as the cookery-books say, suppose we give "another method." The cook, in the morning early, has cut off all the meat from the leg of mutton bone, and put it by in the larder. She has then chopped up the bone into small pieces, and put it on the fire to make stock, with the usual etcetera—viz: some onion, carrot, turnip, celery and parsley. We will also suppose the house to contain some frying fat, bacon, or ham, and eggs.

The first dish we would recommend would be some rissoles. Take three or four small slices of the mutton, picking out those containing the most fat, and one slice of bacon containing twice the quantity of fat to lean; chop up finely a small piece of onion rather larger than the top of the thumb down to the first joint, sufficient parsley when chopped fine to fill a teaspoon, about enough thyme to cover a ten-cent piece, or rather less if the thyme be strong; add a little cayenne pepper and salt. Chop the whole ingredients *very* fine, or, still better, send them through a sausage-machine. When thoroughly chopped, the whole mass ought to be sufficiently moist to be capable of being rolled up into balls. If this is not the case, it only shows that there has not been sufficient fat put with it. These balls should be about the size of a large walnut. Dip each ball into some well beaten-up egg, and afterwards into some fine bread crumbs. Fry them in some boiling fat for two or three minutes, which will generally be found sufficient to make them of a nice golden color. Next for the gravy, which ought to surround them; take about half a cup of stock, add to it a little brown thickening—*i. e.*, some flour fried a light golden color in an equal quantity of butter—some of which thickening ought always to be kept in the house, as it will keep good for many months. Enough of this brown thickening should be boiled in the half-teacup of stock to make it a good color, and a little thick. Add a teaspoonful of sherry to give it a nice flavor, and, if liked, a teaspoonful of mushroom catsup. Pour the gravy around the rissoles, which will be found none the worse for being warmed up in the oven. A little piece of fresh green parsley may be placed on each rissole, by way of garnish.

And now for the next dish, which will consist of mince with poached eggs. I would, however, remind my readers that the previous dish required bread-crumbs and boiling fat. In order to make the bread-crumbs, cut a large slice of bread of equal thickness, and having removed the crust, with a tin cutter or small knife cut four pieces of bread the shape of a heart, about three by four inches, and about an inch thick. Put these four pieces by carefully, so as not to break them, and make the bread-crumbs out of the remainder of the pieces, bearing in mind that the crusts will make an excellent bread-pudding some other time. Then, when the fat is boiling for the rissoles, throw these pieces of heart-shaped bread into it. In a very short time they will become a bright golden color, when they should be taken out and placed on a cloth in front of the fire. Should there be any black specs on them, they will easily scrape off. These fried pieces of bread look like rusks, and their shape renders them infinitely superior to sippets as a garnish. Next take sufficient mutton for the mince, and chop it up, warming it in a small stew-pan with just sufficient stock to moisten it, taking great care it does not boil, as in that case the mince would be tough. With regard to giving a little extra flavor to the mince, besides, of course, a little pepper and salt, that is a matter of taste. Rubbing the bottom of the stew-pan with a head of garlic is an excellent method, though of course it must not be adopted where the flavor of garlic is not liked. A small quantity of Worcester sauce may be added; but the general mistake is to put too much rather than too little. Next poach some eggs, allowing one egg to each person, pile up the mince neatly in a dish, and put the eggs on the top, cutting them neatly round, so that the yolk is surrounded with a rim of the white. Garnish the dish with the four fried hearts of bread, with a very small piece of parsley stuck in each, and have a little fine chopped parsley enough to cover a five-cent piece would be ample—to sprinkle, bit by bit, on the eggs, which renders the dish prettier. A very little pinch of pepper may be placed in the centre of each egg. Care must be taken that the cover, as well as the dish, is made thoroughly hot, and of course the eggs must not be poached until a minute or so before they are wanted.

Two dishes, such as we have described, served nice and hot, in rather small dishes than otherwise, how different are they to the large, cold joint, or the immense dish of hash too often seen. Young housekeepers should always bear in mind that very much more depends on appearances than they think for. When alone—*i. e.*, tete-a tete with their husbands—let the dining-table be made as small as possible, let the cloth and dinner napkins be white as snow, and the latter exactly folded into some pretty shape. If possible, let there be a few flowers in the centre of the table. See that the wine-glasses are without a blemish. A smeary glass always betrays a slovenly glance. If these little things, small in themselves—but they all tell—be attended to, a bright face and a bright pair of eyes will more than compensate for all the rest.

There are many good housekeepers who may read this who will say: "Why, all this is exceedingly simple, and only what everybody knew before!" Such, however, is not the case. The amount of absolute ignorance of the very first principles of cooking is far more common than many persons imagine. Again, too, with regard to the ornamental part of cooking—*i. e.*, the art of making dishes look nice and tempting—there are hundreds of fairly good plain cooks, as they are called, who seem quite incapable of grasping the simplest idea of the subject.

It is in this matter of taste, often, that the mistress will find her influence most beneficial, as her superior education will, as a rule, enable her to grasp ideas far more quickly than the uncultivated mind of the domestic. For instance, most of us know the difference between cold roast chicken or partridge, perfectly plain, placed on a dish, and the same glazed and decorated with bright green parsley and cut lemon, and ornamented with some of their feathers in an artistic manner; yet there are many who would fail to see much difference.

In the above directions, recollect that there was some stock made. Now this stock, if it was required, would make a little soup in a few minutes; the addition of a little extract of meat, and a good pinch of vermicelli, being all that would be required. Suppose, therefore, your husband had committed that dreadfully thoughtless act, bringing home a friend unexpectedly to dinner—you would really have nothing to be ashamed of. The dinner would consist of some vermicelli soup, a dish of rissoles, a dish of mince and poached eggs, ornamented as we have described, and by simply making a savory omelette to follow—very few men care about sweets—you would probably be rewarded after the guest's departure with an inquiry as to where you got all those things for dinner from.

On the other hand, think of the cold leg of mutton—such an inartistic thing when it has been cut into—or the dreadful dish of hash, which, somehow or other, has got as bad a name as a cold shoulder, although *properly* made hash is a very nice dish.

Will "Heather Bell," whose inquiry for making cardboard ornaments appeared in the July 27 number of the Post, please write to the Post what style of ornaments of cardboard she requires, and I will be delighted to help her. I don't think ice cream can be well made without a freezer, except by using a great deal of ice and salt around the form in which you place the cream.—*Old Subscriber.*

As a French provincial theatre not long since, an actor who was personating a general leading his troops to battle, tripped and fell. He saved himself from ridicule, and the play from disaster, by exclaiming: "Soldiers, I am mortally wounded, but do not stay to aid me! Pass over my prostrate body to victory!"

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

C. E. B. (New York, N. Y.)—The parents cannot separate the parties after marriage.

E. W. S. (Middlebury, Vt.)—Your parents have no right to open your letters at twenty-five years of age.

PECK, (Lancaster, Pa.)—A lemon sliced in brown sugar is a good thing to clear the voice before singing.

MAUD, (Licking, O.)—All letters and presents should be mutually returned on breaking off an engagement.

H. (Chester, Pa.)—Go to some shooting gallery and practice with a rifle, in order to qualify yourself as a marksman.

T. (Washington, Me.)—There is a superstition, but an idle one, that opals are unlucky. We do not know the origin of it.

ALICE, (Wilkes, N. Y.)—It is absurd to suppose that singing makes people stout. Take plenty of exercise, and avoid all food or liquors containing saccharine matter.

W. M. (Caroline, Va.)—Forgetfulness and absence of mind may either arise from excessive study or from a natural defect in the memory. The latter is generally incurable.

DAISY, (Polk, Minn.)—The only advice we can give you is to cease corresponding with the gentleman; the course you are at present pursuing is calculated to keep up hopes that you confess are not likely to be realized.

J. T. B. (Phila., Pa.)—In every town in France there are money-changers, whose offices or shops are easily recognized at a glance. There is no difficulty or delay in changing money the moment you arrive in any French town.

EXHIBITION, (Phila., Pa.)—Sunday is the first day of the week. "God rested on the seventh day;" that was Saturday, and was observed as the Jewish Sabbath. The saviour rose on the third day, Sunday, which has therefore been observed as the Christian Sabbath.

INQUIRER, (Chicago, Ill.)—There are no artificial means of increasing the height. As you are so tall at 17 it is probable that by the time you are 23, when the body generally ceases growing, you will be quite as tall as your father. The French words are "Votre ami," and in English mean "Your friend."

C. (Takima, Wash.)—In the language of precious stones: White stones, such as pearls and diamonds, signify religious purity, faith, joy and life; ruby, fire; turquoise and sapphire, truth, constancy; gold, the goodness of God; emerald, hope and immortality, victory; the amethyst, love, truth, passion, and suffering.

M. E. M. (Fayette City, Pa.)—Nell Gywnne was an English actress who, after leading a very fast life, became the favorite of Charles II. She was the foundress of Chelsea Hospital, and died in 1687. The author of "Rathedge" is Mrs. Sydney S. Harris. Your other questions you do not make sufficiently clear.

A. (Covington, Miss.)—A plain gold ring worn on the little finger of a gentleman's left hand, usually signifies his being a widower. If the gentleman you speak of has not been married, it is not impossible that he may have been on the point of marriage with a lady who died, and the ring may be worn out of respect to her memory.

E. (Wiley, Pa.)—We could not possibly undertake to advise a young man of whom we know nothing at all in so serious a matter as to whether he should keep his present situation or leave it to seek another. This is not a point on which a total stranger should be consulted; but it is one in which the advice of parents, relatives or friends should be sought.

FRAGILITY, (Washbenaro, Mich.)—There are many thousands of persons in the world who live well, but never make flesh; why the reason is we cannot say, but suppose it to be constitutional. There is one thing, however, very certain, that they are, as a rule, less troubled with serious illnesses than those who make an abundance of flesh. Do not be troubled about your thinness.

T. K. H., (Amaville, Pa.)—Codes of politeness vary in different places and with different people, but we hardly think it is generally regarded as the very highest style for a gentleman to "clean a boot in church," or out of it, for that matter, supposing she is able to do it herself. As there are few of them incapable of this under most circumstances, we consider that the victory should rest with those who argue against the fanning.

J. (Wayne, Ind.)—We do not agree with you in placing agriculture at the head of the useful arts and callings. It is no more honorable than any other honest occupation, nor any more useful than many others. We think that the labor that raises grain is no more useful and honorable than the labor that grinds and cleans it, or that which turns it into food for the table; and the last two certainly require more skill than the first.

F. M. (New Castle, Del.)—An engagement of marriage should never be entered into by two persons unless they thoroughly understand and are satisfied that they really love each other. Then if rumors are brought to them of their having spoken against each other to disinterested parties, they will know whether to believe the reports, or treat with contempt the gossip-loving maligners who tried to create discord between them.

R. B. (Searcy, Ark.)—In judging of the character of your friends you should not allow the weakness of "thinking ill of the race" to get the mastery of you. You must have got some notion, by your own personal appearance, that the elements of both good and evil abound in human nature; and your general observation of your species must have been meagre and mole-like indeed, if you have not discovered that a man may have many unpleasant traits of character and yet be a downright good fellow.

H. HOLTCLAW, (Warranton, Va.)—Your handwriting is very good as it is, but could be much further improved by the use of Gaskell's Compendium, or some other good work of a similar character. 2. Phonographers are usually paid by the piece. There are so many in the country just now it would hardly pay to learn it for the purpose of specially following it as a business. A first-class man might "secure a good situation," but there are many of the kind who find it impossible to get any sort of situation at all at it.

TENOR, (Phila., Pa.)—Nothing is more important, particularly to beginners, than to avoid irritating the lungs and organs of the voice by too long continued practice at one time. Short intervals of exercise—half an hour at the utmost—should be tried at first, and their duration gradually increased, if necessary, as strength is acquired. Inaccurate voicing and false intonation often proceed from fatigue; and it ought never to be forgotten that habit is powerful, and will often prevail over natural imperfections.

A. K. H. (Phila., Pa.)—You are right in considering it a hallucination for a young lady to be "stage struck" with the idea of "going starring it" in order to win fame and wealth." Of all the girls who have ever gone upon the stage, how many have ever won fame or wealth, or either of these much-sought objects, or have even a decent living? The young lady to whom you refer would do well to look closely into this matter before taking such a momentous step as she has now got under consideration.

P. C. J. (Jersey City, N. J.)—There are no particular set phrases which gentlemen must make use of when offering their sire to a lady. We cannot therefore give you what you call "a satisfactory answer" on the point. So much depends upon the degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties, in all these matters, that what would be proper politeness in one case would be a cool and repelling formality in another; and what would be an insolent familiarity in one case might be only a friendly mode of address in another. In all these circumstances, the gentleman's tact and discretion must serve as his guide.

STERLING, (Wayne, W. Va.)—Many of the old pictures were painted on "panels" of wood. Some of the most valuable of paintings were on wood. In time, the wood, unless carefully preserved, becomes worm-eaten or decayed, threatening the destruction of the picture. These are restored by being transferred to a canvas backing. The process is an interesting one. The painting is secured, face down, to a table, and the wood gradually planed and scraped away until all its substance is removed, leaving only the paint attached to the table. Then this is cemented to a canvas, and the picture is restored. Of course, it is a work of time, demanding patience and great skill.

FLIRTATION WALK, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Several fair readers write and make us confidants in their love affairs, invariably ending by putting queries which would puzzle a sorcerer to answer. For instance, one asks why she has not yet received a proposal from amongst all her beaux;—another confesses that she loves a certain young gentleman; but wants to know how she may ascertain whether she be loved in return?—but a third puzzles us still more by inquiring how she is to win the affections of some swain upon whom she has set her heart? Now, sagely a little calm reflection (if lovers ever can be calm) must enable these young ladies to perceive that it is utterly impossible for us to enlighten them in their several matters.

MISSY, (Walworth, Wis.)—We much regret that we cannot range ourselves on the lady's side in the matter; but every sentiment of justice and liberality prevents us. If the gentleman be fond of singing at concerts as an amateur, what earthly harm is there in it—and is it reasonable for the young lady to require that he should give up a most innocent and rational amusement in deference to her whim, caprice, or prejudice? "She feels the many temptations that may beset his path in this way of life." Not more than in any other way of life,—and not half so much as if he spent his evenings in idleness rather than in following out his favorite amusement at a concert. We hope that our young lady friend will, on reflection, come to the rational conclusion that she is a little too exacting.

J. MASON, Ph. D. (Clay, Fla.)—With your title we would suppose the origin of the term "blackguard" would be quite clear to you. This, however, is a version you may not have met with: In olden times the palaces of kings and seats of nobles were not so well nor so completely furnished as now; and hence, when any of the nobility exchanged one residence for another all kitchen utensils, kettles, pots, pan, etc., were taken with them. The servants who rode in the cart or wagon with these articles were called the black guard. From being applied to a class of persons who, though menials, might have been honest and well disposed, it has come with us to be applied to a low and scurrilous class of persons.

CHARLES, (Hazlehurst, Miss.)—The Missouri Compromise originated in the agitation of slavery previous to 1820. Henry Clay was the most powerful advocate of the measure, if not its author. The steam vessel Savannah, the first of its kind said to have crossed the ocean, is stated by one authority to have left New York, and by another Charleston, S. C., on the occasion of the famous trip. A well known work on the history of steamships and propellors alleges that the Savannah did not really cross the Atlantic by steam, for the reason that as soon as it was out of sight of land on this side the captain took off his propellers and sailed across, attaching the wheels again when he came near the English shore. If this really was the case, the steam vessel Cyrus, which left Cork, Ireland, for this country some time after, is entitled to the honor of being the first which actually crossed by steam.